

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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## IN SCHOOL DAYS.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

STILL sits the schoolhouse by the road,  
A ragged beggar sunning;  
Around it still the sumachs grow,  
And blackberry vines are running.

Within, the master's desk is seen,  
Deep scarred by raps official;  
The warping floor, the battered seats,  
The jack-knife's carved initial;

The charcoal frescoes on its walls,  
Its door's worn sill, betraying  
The feet that, creeping slow to school,  
Went storming out to playing!

Long years ago a winter's sun  
Shone over it at setting;  
Lit up its western window panes,  
And low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls,  
And brown eyes full of grieving,  
Of one who still her steps delayed  
When all the school were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy  
Her childish favor singled,  
His cap pulled low upon a face  
Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow  
To right and left he lingered,  
As restlessly her tiny hands  
The blue-checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes; he felt  
The soft hand's light caressing,  
And heard the trembling of her voice,  
As if a fault confessing.

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word;  
I hate to go above you,  
Because"—the brown eyes lower fell—  
"Because, you see, I love you!"

Still memory to a gray-haired man  
That sweet child-face is showing.  
Dear girl! the grasses on her grave  
Have forty years been growing!

He lives to learn, in life's hard school,  
How few who pass above him  
Lament their triumph and his loss,  
Like her—because they love him.

Copied from the London "Public Opinion."

PRIVATE THEATRICALS IN DUBLIN.—Last week the Right Hon. Chichester Fortesque and Countess Waldegrave gave a very successful private theatrical performance at the Chief Sec-

retary's lodge in Dublin. The pieces selected were:—"The young Widow."—Mandeville, Mr. Arthur Courtenay; Splash (his valet), Mr. Ward Braham; Aurelia Fairlove (a young widow), Miss Le Fanu; Lucy (her attendant), Miss Osborne. "Box and Cox."—John Box (a journeyman printer), Mr. Frederick Manders; John Cox (a journeyman hatter), Mr. F. Le Poer Trench; Mrs. Bouncer (a lodging-house keeper), Miss Osborne. The following epilogue was admirably delivered by Mr. Bernal Osborne, the whilom M.P. :—

"Well—all is finished, Splash will dance no more,  
The widow's wedded, and the season's o'er;  
Both Box and Cox some other rooms must get  
Now Mrs. Bouncer's 'Lodgings are to let!'  
But, ere this house be closed, I humbly pray  
For mercy to the players and the play!  
Should there, amid yon crowd, in ambush sit  
Some captious critic or malicious wit,  
Who scans our actors with too keen an eye,  
We throw ourselves upon your clemency!  
If some are wanting in dramatic arts,  
Surely the softer sex have won your hearts.  
Who can deny the well-earned merit due  
To graceful Boyle and lively Le Fanu?  
Spare, then, your satire!—do not vex a body;  
But bid a kind farewell to—Pillicoddy!  
To him, the credit for this night's success—  
He planned alike our scenery and dress.  
A lady's man: Thought at rehearsals sage  
He reigns alone—the Atlas of our stage:  
Prompter and painter; ever near at hand,  
To rouge a cheek or dance a saraband.  
  
But there is one for whom I gladly claim  
Your special notice. Need I tell her name?  
Whether by Twickenham's classic site she dwells,  
Or near the Phoenix weaves her social spells—  
Where'er she goes she adds new zest to life—  
A generous hostess and true-hearted wife.  
Long may she live these revels to renew,  
And grace the genial home of Fortesque."

At the end of the epilogue, Mr. Osborne was enthusiastically applauded.

Public Opinion.

LADIES are about to be admitted to medical lectures at the Carolinska Institute, in Stockholm, provided they have acquired the same amount of preparatory knowledge as is required of male students, in order to obtain a university certificate of having passed a successful examination in medico-philosophy.

From The Edinburgh Review.

JOHN CALVIN IN CHURCH AND STATE.\*

THE venerable M. Guizot, after having adorned almost every department of the literature of his own country, is now enriching the literature of England with a series of historical sketches of the "Great Christians of France." The volume before us contains the lives of St. Louis and Calvin: a singular conjunction—the King, the Crusader, the sainted Catholic of the thirteenth century, and the plebeian reformer of the sixteenth. But they have been brought together not without design. M. Guizot discerns the operation of two great principles in the Church; one tending to unity and the other to diversity. In the natural development of the Christian life, he tells us, there has been an almost endless variety: but under all this variety and even diversity there has ever been an essential unity. The law of unity is a higher law than that of diversity and comprehends it, and Calvin and St. Louis thus combine to show the persistent unity of Christianity in the midst of its most striking variety. Though one was a Romanist and the other a Reformer, they were both genuine Christians; though their characters and careers were as widely different as can well be conceived, there was a heroic goodness in both of them. Each had a red cross on his shield. Thus, then, by the very combination of St. Louis and Calvin we have a lesson read to us in Catholicity.

M. Guizot has illustrated another truth, perhaps unwittingly, by placing St. Louis and Calvin side by side. History arranges her heroes in a fashion of her own, assigning to each his own place in her temple, quite independently of all social and political distinctions. Kings and great nobles sink into the vulgar throng, and from the vulgar throng others emerge who sit down by the true kings of men. Here the poor pastor is placed by the side of the great monarch, or rather above him—for the minister of Geneva is now universally hailed as a greater man

than the King of France. The influence of St. Louis is gone—the sceptre has fallen from his grasp; Calvin still sits upon his throne, with more than regal power giving laws and religion to a large section of Christendom. It is to Calvin and his Institutions that we must confine this review.

M. Guizot may be said to have had a special training for writing the life of Calvin. Himself a French Protestant, with a pious reverence for his Church and its founder, and yet too much of a philosopher to be out of sympathy with any Church, or to share the bigotry of Calvinistic theology, he spent his infancy and boyhood at Geneva, whither his mother had fled from the horrors of the French Revolution, studied in its academy, wandered by its lake, and no doubt perceived the echoes of Calvin's institutions still lingering within the ramparts of the old republic. He has accordingly sketched the character of the great Genevan reformer and divine with a loving hand. His sketch extends to little more than 200 pages, but in that short space we have all the material facts of the reformer's life, a calmly-balanced estimate of his doctrines and ecclesiastical establishment, and a very vivid picture of the man. In these pages we have, in truth, all that is really valuable in the three volumes of Dr. Paul Henri, and more than is to be found in the four volumes of Dr. Merle D'Aubigné, who is too fond of tinsel and theatrical effect, prone to take as history what a more careful investigator would put down as romance, and who, accordingly, at the end of his fourth volume on the Reformation in the time of Calvin, has brought his hero only to the gates of Geneva and the beginning of his work.

But the past year has seen not only M. Guizot's "Life of Calvin," but the first volume of a cognate work, entitled "Johann Calvin, seine Kirche und sein Staat in Genf," by F. W. Kampschulte, Professor of History in the University of Bonn, which we have also placed at the head of this article. This volume is undoubtedly a valuable contribution towards a just estimate of Calvin's life and work. With conscientious industry and discrimination Professor Kampschulte has investigated

\* 1. *Saint Louis and Calvin*. By M. GUIZOT, Member of the Institute of France. London: 1869.  
2. *Johann Calvin, seine Kirche und sein Staat in Genf*. Von F. W. KAMPSCHULTE, Professor der Geschichte an der Universität Bonn. Erster Band. Leipzig: 1869.

every passage of the reformer's life, and every aspect of his Church and State, and though he has not discovered much that was not known before, he has thrown a new and interesting light upon many things. He has an ardent admiration of Calvin, but he is not so blinded by his admiration as to be hindered from dealing out to him strict, and even, in some cases, stern historical justice. He holds the scales with a steady hand. He shows us the exiled Frenchman in Geneva, not only living and moving, but thinking, working out with intense earnestness his religious and ecclesiastical ideas, sometimes committing blunders, sometimes crimes, but always sincere, if not always great. His narrative is clear, nervous, full, but entirely free from prolixity, and in the first volume we are brought down to the period when the Reformer was in the midst of his activity and at the height of his popularity in Geneva. He informs us in his Preface, that in his second volume he will narrate the battles of Calvin with his ecclesiastical and political foes, and his ultimate triumph over them; and in his third, exhibit the position occupied by Genevese Calvinism in the world, thus bringing his task to a close. The Professor at Bonn has not the faculty of drawing philosophical generalizations from his facts in the same degree as the historian of Modern Civilization, but the one work equally with the other will be welcomed by all students of impartial history. In the following sketch we shall put ourselves under the guidance of both, at the same time taking from other volumes in the now great Calvinistic library such facts and ideas as appear to us to be of value.

France, though not numbered among the countries of the Reformation, has the honour of having given birth to the greatest of the Reformers, if pure intellect is to be regarded as the measure of greatness. John Calvin was born at Noyon in Picardy, on the 10th of July 1509. His father, Gerard Chauvin or Cauvin (Calvin is the Latinized form of the name), was a notary in the ecclesiastical court and secretary to the bishop. His mother is said to have been a handsome woman, but Roman Catholic writers endeavour, without grounds,

to cast suspicion on her fair fame, and gravely affirm, on the authority of the matrons who were present at the event, that before giving birth to the heresiarch she brought forth a swarm of flies—a sure indication of the unpleasant buzz he was to make in the world. The Church was at that time the great field of fame and fortune. It presented itself to many young dreamers, sleeping on stony pillows, as the ladder reaching from earth to heaven, by which the lad of genius could climb from poverty to an abbacy, a bishopric, or even the popedom. Gerard Cauvin, though himself poor, was possessed of ecclesiastical influence through his connexion with the bishop and the bishop's court, and therefore he resolved to educate all his three sons—Charles, John, and Anthony—for the Church. John received the rudiments of his education in his native town, and at the age of fourteen went to Paris, where he studied under the celebrated Corderius. As usual the boy began to exhibit the future man. He beat all his companions in industry and aptitude for learning; but he was so serious and even severe in his ways of thinking, that they nicknamed him "the Accusative Case."

But great events were now occurring in Europe, which were soon to cross the path of the young aspirant after ecclesiastical honours and preferment. Calvin was a boy, eight years old, when Martin Luther affixed his ninety-five theses to the door of the Schloss Kirche at Wittenberg, and may have heard the thing talked of at his father's table, and wondered what it meant. He was twelve when the Diet of Worms was held, and the young Picard, now capable of reflection, must have marvelled at the boldness of the German monk in bearding both the Kaiser and the Pope. When he was studying at Paris the voice of Ulric Zwingli was echoing down the mountain passes of Switzerland, calling the dwellers of those glens to reform. In truth all Europe was now in such a state of religious turmoil as it is difficult for us who live in a calmer age to conceive. The wave of excitement passed the Alps and the Jura and spread over France. Already in that country there were numerous secret adherents of the Re-



formed Faith, especially among the educated and in the universities.

At twenty Calvin resolved to forsake theology for the law, although he had already received the tonsure and the cure of Pont-l'Evêque, where he had sometimes preached. He says that his father thought that the law offered better prospects for him than the Church; but it is probable that the clear-headed notary perceived that the Church was already in danger, and that his son had some sympathy with the Reformers, and was more likely to be burned than to become a bishop if he continued in the ministry. It is equally probable that the young student himself gladly fled to the Courts of Law as a refuge from a Church with whose doctrines and services he had lost sympathy, as so many have abandoned other Churches since. He pursued his legal studies first at Orleans and afterwards at Bourges. But though by force of mind and dint of industry he obtained distinction at both these seats of learning, his thoughts continually reverted to theology, which had taken too firm hold of him to be shaken off, and theology was now eagerly discussed by everybody. The new doctrines were cherished by Melchior Volmar and other distinguished professors with whom young Calvin was on terms of intimacy. In the meantime his father died, and left him free to abandon the law and pursue what course he pleased. Still, however, he was undecided.

Professor Kampschulte has investigated this, the turning-point in Calvin's history, with judicious care. He thinks that while living at Orleans and Bourges he held Lutheran ideas, but that he was still so conservative as to wish simply that abuses should be reformed without the Church being destroyed. He had caught the academic spirit, which is generally averse to violent changes, even though academic speculation often leads to political and ecclesiastical convulsions. In this temper he left Bourges and went to Paris, ambitious chiefly of distinguishing himself in the walks of classical literature. "Not Luther and Zwingli," says Professor Kampschulte, "but Reuchlin, Erasmus, and Lefèvre were at this time his guiding stars." He accordingly entered the list of classical authors by publishing a

Commentary on Seneca's treatise "De Clementia." It has often been said that this was really a reform pamphlet, and was meant to be a quiet plea for toleration; but it is certain the Reformers are nowhere referred to, and in his correspondence at this time the idea is never even hinted at. He was simply anxious that the work should pay (for he had published it at his own cost) and bring him reputation among men of letters. The rising tide of reformation feeling was, however, gradually sweeping him towards his destiny, and by the end of 1532 we find him taking part in the meetings of the future martyrs and confessors of the Huguenot Church. A curious incident decided his fate. His friend Nicolas Cop had been chosen rector of the University of Paris, and on All Saints' Day had to deliver an oration in the Convent of the Mathurins. As the King had of late been showing some leniency towards the Lutherans, the young enthusiasts thought this a good opportunity of speaking a word for the new doctrines. Calvin composed the oration, and under the guise of "Christian Philosophy" defended the theology of the German Reformers. The day came, the Rector mounted the pulpit, the doctors of the Sorbonne and the clergy of Paris listened in wonder and wrath, and the orator being a physician and not a divine, was probably only half conscious of the inflammable stuff he was casting among his hearers. But Calvin as well as Cop had miscalculated the temper of the time, and both were obliged to flee to save their lives. Calvin escaped by a window, took refuge in the Faubourg St. Victor, in the house of a vine-dresser, disguised himself, and wandered forth he scarcely knew whither. The die was now cast. Audin relates, that as he left Paris he met an old clerical friend, who recognized him and advised him to return and save himself by submission. "It is too late," said Calvin, and pressed his hand and passed on. If the story be true, it does no discredit to Calvin, for the thoughtful mind cannot easily wrench itself away from old traditions and authority, and cast itself upon a sea of troubles.

He betook himself to the South of France, and at Angoulême found a refuge for a time in the house of his friend the Canon

Louis du Tillet. Margaret of Valois, sister of Francis I. and Queen of Navarre, was then holding her court at Nérac, and it was the asylum at once of literature and religion. This brilliant and beautiful woman was a singular mixture of gold and clay. Delighting at once in spiritual exercises and amorous adventures, she is the author of divine songs fit for the Methodist chapel, and of licentious tales fit only for the stews. She wrote the "*Miroir de l'Ame pécheresse*," and she wrote the "*Heptameron*;" and if we may judge from the preface, she regarded the one as much a work of piety as the other. But she was not singular. The age abounded in such grotesque combinations. Among the gentle and great religion was not thought inconsistent with easy virtue, and coarseness of language and sentiment was characteristic of all. Around this royal lady some of the most distinguished of the early Reformers of France gathered, for they were safe in her presence, and charmed by her tenderness, piety, and wit. Hither the fugitive Calvin appears to have come from Angoulême, and in this chosen circle he made the acquaintance of the grey-haired Lefèvre—"a little bit of a man," says Bayle, "old as Herod, but lively as gunpowder."

But this was not to be the Reformer's place of rest. While many of his co-religionists were burning at Paris in expiation of the "placards," he was skulking about the country, finding a temporary refuge in the houses of his friends, till at last, in 1535, he reached Basle, where he was safe. Here Erasmus—the acknowledged dictator of letters at that time in Europe—resided; the man of whom it has been said that he laid the egg, and Luther hatched it. Calvin was introduced to him by Bucer, then one of the ministers of Strasburg; and the great Batavian is said to have predicted the future eminence of the young, keen, pale-faced student who stood before him.

Calvin had for years been longing for such a refuge and such repose as Basle now afforded him; for he was much more the studious recluse than the man of action. There was a nervous timidity about him which made him shrink from public meetings and popular movements. Perhaps he felt that his strength was in his pen, and that without it he was weak as another man. It is certain that for some time he had been revolving in his mind the idea of his Institutes. He saw that if the theology of the Reformation was to be enduring, it must be systematized and reduced to a solid form; perhaps he felt, from his innate strength,

that he was the master builder destined to build up this second City of God. He laboured hard at his work by the banks of the Swiss Rhine, probably never forgetting the presence of Erasmus while he constructed his almost Ciceronian sentences, and in 1536 the "*Institutio Christianæ Religionis*" appeared with a French Introduction, nobly written, dedicating the book to the King, and pleading with him the cause of the new faith.

Calvin was only twenty-seven when the first edition of his great work appeared. It was but the outline of the work as we now have it, for in every subsequent edition Calvin added to its size by a fuller development of his views. But even in the first edition—the work of so young a man—we have the germs of every important principle in the system. Everything was there in embryo. The completed work is now universally recognized, by foes as well as friends, as one of the greatest contributions to the codification of Christianity of which theological literature can boast. It was the germ of a system which retains to this day in its iron grasp the faith and the convictions of large numbers of faithful and fervent Christians.

M. Guizot, while doing full justice to its merits, describing it as "one of the noblest edifices ever erected by the mind of man," dissents from two of its leading principles—the absolute infallibility of Scripture, and Predestination. He discusses both these principles calmly and comprehensively. He thinks that Calvin set up the infallibility of Scripture in opposition to the infallibility of the Pope; and that he arrived at his doctrine of Predestination from his tendency to begin with first principles, and to make God rather than man his starting-point in all religious speculation. We cannot follow him in his interesting discussion of these high themes; but we may remark in passing, in regard to the first, that a bold but cautious criticism is now pushing towards a solution of it, and may probably ere long reach it; and in regard to the second, that it will never be solved in time. From the relation between the human and divine there emerge contradictions which can never be reconciled; and while speculative men to the end of the world will discuss the many questions connected with these, they will never arrive at a final settlement of them. The Church is quite as much divided now as it was in the days of Augustine and Pelagius regarding Grace and Free Will; and the philosophical world is quite as much divided in regard to the same subject in its philosophical aspect—Necessity

and Liberty. We have Hobbes, Hartley, Hume, and Mill on the one side, and the equally great names of Reid, Kant, and Hamilton on the other.

After the publication of the "Institutes," which instantly attracted attention and gave their author a wide celebrity, Calvin paid a visit to Italy, and in the spring of 1536 we find him at the Court of Ferrara, under the name of Charles d'Espeville. Renée, Duchess of Ferrara, was another of the remarkable women of the age who sympathized with the Reformation and threw her royal shield over the persecuted Reformers. Only child of Louis XII., she would have been Queen of France had it not been for the Salic law. Cheated of being a queen because, as she said, she had not a beard on her chin, she had nearly become an empress — the wife of Charles V. — but politics crossed her path, and she ultimately was given in marriage to Hercules d'Este, Duke of Ferrara. Diminutive and even deformed, she concealed under her crooked body a truly royal mind. She was magnanimous, generous, courageous. When her son-in-law, the Duke of Guise, was assassinated, she was distressed to think he should be eternally damned, and wrote to Calvin on the subject for consolation. But when that same Duke had besieged her in her own castle of Montargis, where she had sheltered some Calvinists, and summoned her to surrender, "Let him make a breach if he can," she defiantly said, "and I will be the first to enter it, and we shall see if he will strike down the daughter of a king." With this dauntless lady Calvin maintained a life-long correspondence, which does credit to both of them.

At her court Calvin met the poet Marot, whose metrical version of the Psalms was sung by the French Protestants with the wild enthusiasm with which French Republicans have since sung the "Marseillaise." But the Duke of Ferrara had no such favour for the reformers as his duchess had, and Calvin was obliged to resume his wandering life. He passed into Piedmont, lingered about the southern slopes of the Alps, and gathered around him those who were hungering and thirsting after the new doctrines. But the hue and cry of heresy was raised in the valley of Aosta, and the author of the "Institutes" was glad to escape alone and on foot by the steep pass of Duranda. Entering France, he revisited his native place, where his brother Charles had recently died — a priest of the Church, but refusing its sacraments and at war with its authority; he arranged his family affairs, and, taking his brother Anthony and his sister Mary with

him, set out for Switzerland. The direct road to Basle, through Lorraine, was then blocked up by the armies of Charles V., which had penetrated into France, and therefore taking a circuitous route, he arrived in Geneva one evening in the month of August, 1536, intending to remain there but a single night, and on the morrow to proceed on his journey towards Basle. But he had reached unwittingly the scene of his future toils and triumphs — of his great services rendered to Christianity, and of his great crime perpetrated in her name. We must therefore pause a little, and glance at the state of Geneva, and its position among European cities when its future legislator first passed through its gates as a stranger.

Geneva was one of the fragments of the broken-up kingdom of Burgundy. Its bishop was its king, and was chosen by the canons of its cathedral. His civil and military power was delegated to a vidome (*vicedomini*), who held the castle on the Isle of the Rhone. At the beginning of the sixteenth century the Duke of Savoy was the vidome, and the honour had become hereditary in his house. But under the bishop and the vidome the Genevese enjoyed very republican institutions and a large share of liberty. Twice a year, to the tolling of the great bell of St. Peter, the citizens assembled to elect four syndics, and these four syndics had during their term of office the actual government of the city. The ambition of the vidomes disturbed this order of things. They usurped the jurisdiction of the bishop, and encroached on the liberty of the people. A fierce and long-continued conflict began; the city was divided into factions — the *Eidgenossen* (or Confederates) struggling to maintain the liberties of the city, and the Mamelukes willing to give up everything to the House of Savoy. The patriot party formed an alliance with Friburg and Berne, and by their help the Savoyards were banished, the office of vidome abolished, and the city rendered more independent and republican than ever.

This political revolution prepared the way for ecclesiastical reform. The very ferment of mind which prevailed in the city was favourable to change. But the ecclesiastical party was still strong. The authority of the bishop was still recognized. The clergy still numbered nearly three hundred, in a population of not more than twelve or fourteen thousand. If Berne, being Protestant, inclined its ally to reform, Friburg, which was Catholic, used all its influence to retain it in alliance to the ancient Church. But Reformation ideas were penetrating

everywhere; and the young men who had fought the battle of the city's freedom promised themselves still greater liberty, and even license, by the overthrow of the Church. Things were in this state in 1532, when William Farel appeared within the walls of Geneva. The German-Swiss Reformers had fixed upon him as the proper man to carry their principles into French Switzerland. Though come of gentle blood, he was a little mean-looking man, with a plebeian face, red unkempt beard, fiery eyes, and somewhat violent ways. The fastidious Erasmus could not bear him, and affixed to him an odious nickname. His friends called him the Zealot. But he was the right man for the work to be done. He was indefatigable, dauntless, possessed of an impassioned popular eloquence, which carried conviction with it. Threatened with "the Rhone," with poison, with a bullet in his brain, he remained firm, and in the end had the high happiness of seeing the Reformation firmly established in Geneva.

Geneva at this time occupied a very small place in the eye of Europe. Situated at the western extremity of the Leman Lake, just where its waters rush into the rapid Rhone, shut out by the Alps and the Jura from all the world beside, its terraced streets looked as picturesque then as now; but it was without a name and without renown. No great historical event had been associated with it. Its population, as we have already said, did not exceed twelve or fourteen thousand. "But," as M. Guizot remarks, "great ideas, great men, and great events cannot be measured by the magnitude of their cradles." The greatest services to humanity have been rendered by the smallest states. Judæa gave religion to the world, and Judæa is but a patch of ground hardly larger than an English county. Athens gave arts and philosophy to mankind, and Athens, tried by its population, would scarcely now be ranked as a second-rate town. Papal Rome exercises to this day a wider sway than was ever wielded by Pagan Rome, and Papal Rome is but a city of ruins. Geneva, with its twelve thousand souls, its new-born independence and its new-born faith, was now to become the platform where an experiment was to be tried, and great religious problems solved affecting all mankind.

In this city, and at this crisis of its history, John Calvin arrived, a wayfarer seeking rest for a night. He travelled as usual under an assumed name, and lodged at an inn. But Du Tillet was there, and made his arrival known. Farel no sooner heard that the author of the "Institutes" was in

the town than he resolved to do everything in his power to detain him. He needed such a man for a helper in his work. The old Church was torn down, but a new one was yet to be built up. Even society, demoralized by the struggles of thirty years, required to be reconstructed from its very basis. He therefore hurried to Calvin, and begged him to remain and assist him to rear the Genevese Church. Calvin at first declined. He pleaded his unfitness for public life, his love of study and retirement, and implored Farel in God's name to have pity upon him. "May God curse your life and your learned leisure," said Farel, assuming the air of a prophet, "if you do not now come to His help in this necessity." Calvin was startled and even intimidated by the words of the apostle of Geneva, and consented to remain. "Farel," says M. Mignet, in his remarkable paper on "The Reformation at Geneva," read before the Academie des Sciences, Morales et Politiques, "gave Geneva to the Reformation, and Calvin to Geneva."

Calvin at first undertook no definite office; he merely undertook to give prelections on Scripture in the Church of St. Peter. Two months afterwards, however, he was elected a minister. The city does not appear to have either greatly honoured or richly rewarded him. He is spoken of in the registers as "the Frenchman" (*iste Gallus*), and in the following spring six gold crowns were voted him, with the significant remark that he had previously scarcely got anything. But he soon began to make his influence felt. He took a part in the conference at Lausanne, which resulted in the Reformation being established in the Pays de Vaud. He procured the expulsion of some Anabaptists who were creating disturbances in the city, for in the city of the Reformed there must be but "one faith and one baptism." He got a victory over Caroli in the synod of Lausanne, but he obtained it by violence and vulgar abuse. Caroli charged Calvin and Farel with being Arians, denying the *Trinity of Persons*. Calvin retorted by declaring that Caroli was an atheist, with no more faith than a dog or a pig. Professor Kamp-schulte thinks there was some ground for Caroli's accusation, and that Calvin at this period had a dislike of the terms "trinity" and "person," and had in fact declared that no true Church could accept the Athanasian Creed.

But his most important work was a Confession of Faith which he drew up in conjunction with Farel, "to give," as Beza says, "some shape to the newly established Church." "This first Confession of Faith

by the Reformed Church in France," says M. Guizot, "was simple in form, moderate in tone, and free from many of the theological controversies which afterwards arose among the Reformers; its principal object was to separate the Reformed Faith clearly and entirely from the Church of Rome, its traditions, its priestcraft, and its ritual." It consisted of twenty-one articles. Together with this Confession, a document was presented to the magistrates, tracing an ecclesiastical organisation and the relation of the civil to the ecclesiastical power. The power of excommunication was claimed for the Church. "We hold," said the ministers, "that it is expedient, and according to the ordinance of God that all open idolaters, blasphemers, murderers, thieves, adulterers, and false witnesses, all seditious and quarrelsome persons, slanderers, pugilists, drunkards, and spendthrifts, if they do not amend their lives after they have been duly admonished, shall be cut off from communion with believers until they have given satisfactory proofs of repentance." This Confession and church polity, after some hesitation, were adopted by the Council of Two Hundred, and afterwards by the assembled citizens in the Church of St. Peter.

Having secured the acceptance of this ecclesiastical constitution, Calvin was not a man to allow its principles to lie idle. He began to apply them rigorously, and the stout burghers, who had thrown off the yoke of Savoy and the yoke of Rome, and thought that at last they must be free, discovered to their surprise that Calvin's little finger was thicker than the Pope's loins. The Genevese were then a gay, pleasure-loving people. The indulgent humour of the Romish Church had accustomed them to amusements. They loved music and dancing, mumming and masquerades. They had their festivals, their processions, their plays, their merryandrews making mirth on the green. They lounged about their wine-shops, and enjoyed with their glass of wine a quiet hand at cards, as every inhabitant of every continental city does at the present day. But weddings, as was natural, were their special occasions of rejoicing. The bride was adorned in her best, her tresses hung gracefully down on her shoulders, flowers found their appropriate place on her head and breast; she repaired to the church amid the ringing of bells and surrounded by her friends, and when the ceremony was over the day was spent in feasting and dancing. But all this was now to be changed. All festivals but Sunday were abolished, and Sunday must

be devoted to the hearing of sermons. Marriages must be celebrated before a small company and with no mirth, and the bride must appear without her tresses. Dancing, masquerading, and card-playing were prohibited. All taverns were to be shut at nine o'clock, and the citizens to be in their own houses at that hour in the evening. Like the inhabitants of a newly conquered country, their pleasures must end, if not their fires be extinguished, when the curfew tolled. It is fair, however, to say that considering the early habits of the time, nine o'clock was as late then as eleven o'clock is now — the hour at which, according to recent and, on the whole, beneficial legislation, every tavern in Scotland must be shut.

It is generally said, in vindication of these severe rules, that the Genevese were at this time a loose people, that immorality had tainted their whole social life and usages, and that nothing but rigour would cure them. It may have been so; but there is no evidence that they were exceptionally wicked, and there is nothing about which we are more apt to form false estimates than popular morality in the absence of correct statistics. Modern facts have dispelled many old delusions. Roman Catholic countries are not always more impure than Calvinistic ones. Rude peoples are not always more licentious than refined ones. Free manners do not always indicate loose morals; and even coarseness of speech and behaviour does not always imply profligacy. The same apology which is made for Queen Margaret's tales must be equally valid for much of the indelicacy and indecency of the time. In our own day, a peasant girl would use language and do things which would shock a fine lady; but that does not prove that the one is more immoral than the other. It is true the preachers declaimed against the sins of the people, but the language of sermons is often framed in accordance with theological tenets rather than tabulated facts. The fact is, Calvin had never troubled himself with questions about the comparative wickedness of Geneva. He had his dream, like Plato and Sir Thomas More, of a model State — a Christian community into which there should enter nothing that defileth, nothing that worketh abomination; a new Jerusalem, a heaven upon earth. It was at the realization of this idea that he aimed.

The Genevese began to rebel against the Calvinistic discipline, so contrary to their customs and ways. When an attempt was made, by domiciliary visits, to induce every one personally to swear to the new eccle-



siastical constitution, it proved a failure. Many refused to bind themselves. "Calvin should keep himself to explaining the Scriptures to us," said some, "and not meddle with such matters." "He has abolished the confessional," said others, "only to set up something worse in its stead, and put the whole city under penance." A strong party was formed, determined to oppose him. It was chiefly composed of the old *Eidgenossen*, the patriots who had fought for independence and reform; but the Calvinists now affixed to them the nickname of Libertines. At their head were Jean Philippe, Amy Perrin, and Vandel, who had been the very first to declare for the Reformation. So strongly did popular feeling run in their favour that three out of the four syndics elected in the beginning of 1538 belonged to their party.

With these disputes about discipline other matters were mixed up. The Bernese differed from the Genevese in some little affairs of ritual, and there was a natural wish that there should be complete conformity between the sister churches. The Bernese baptized at the font, kept the feasts of Christmas, New Year's Day, the Annunciation, and the Ascension, and used unleavened bread in the Sacrament of the Supper. To all these things Calvin and Farel were opposed. In March, 1538, a synod was held at Lausanne to compose the differences. The Genevese ministers were outvoted; but the Genevese magistrates were all the more delighted, and ordered them to celebrate the Sacrament according to the Bernese rite. Calvin protested that this was an invasion of his province by the civil power to which he would not submit. The strife spread from the council-room to the streets. "To the Rhone with the pastors," was now a mob-cry not unfrequently heard in the dark. On Easter Sunday both Farel and Calvin preached, notwithstanding a prohibition by the syndics, but refused to administer the Communion to anyone. There was something like a riot in both the churches. The next day the Council formally adopted the Bernese rite, and deposed the ministers who had shown such contempt for the law. On the day following the General Assembly of the citizens confirmed these resolutions, and issued an order to Calvin and Farel to leave the town in three days. Thus in two years from the time he had entered Geneva, was Calvin driven out of it in disgrace. The refugee Frenchman who had been received into the city as a lecturer on Holy Writ, had suddenly risen to be a dictator in both

Church and State; but he had shown too little respect for inveterate usages and human frailties — everything must bend to his impetuous will and paper constitution — and he was as suddenly precipitated into a new exile.

Farel went to Neuchâtel, where he spent the remainder of his long life. Calvin went to Strasburg, where he had been invited by Bucer, one of its ministers. The Council appointed him Professor of Theology, and the numerous French refugees who were living there elected him to be their pastor. He had now some leisure for those literary pursuits which he loved, and which were most fitting, as he himself said, "his timid, weak, and even pusillanimous nature." Cardinal Sadoleto had written a persuasive letter to the Genevese in the hope that in their disgust at the Reformed discipline they might be won back to the Romish Church. Calvin replied in a letter marked by dignity and logical power. He published a second and greatly enlarged edition of his "Institutes." He composed his Commentary on the Epistle to the Romans — the first of a long list of exegetical writings, which have constituted him a great master in the school of critical as well as of dogmatic theology. Leaving his studies and his books, he attended the Diets of Frankfort and Ratisbon, at both of which an effort was made to reconcile the Protestants with Rome. The design miscarried, but Ranke thinks it was very near succeeding. It is certain the Emperor wished for peace with his Protestant subjects, and that Contarini on the part of Rome was willing to make great concessions, while Bucer and Melancthon on the part of the Protestants would have gladly welcomed any possible compromise. But Calvin from the very first was hopeless of success, and does not seem to have greatly desired it. Perhaps he saw that it was impossible to reconcile the irreconcilable. Perhaps he thought it was better that the Church of the future should be entirely divorced from the Church of the past. He was a hater of compromises. In his letters from Ratisbon to his friend Farel he exhibits at once his wide-reaching statesmanship and his truculent temper. He reviews with deep insight the positions of the different parties, and when he hears that Dr. Eck, who had been struck with apoplexy during the conferences, was recovering, he writes, "the world does not deserve to be yet delivered from that beast." It was at these conferences he first made the personal acquaintance of Philip Melancthon, who is said to have been so struck with his theological learning



that he surnamed him *The Theologian*. Luther and Calvin never met.

But there is another aspect in which we have to look at the author of the "Institutes" and the Commentary on the Romans. He confesses to Farel that he is so poor that he is unable to pay him a few crowns he had borrowed from him, and that he is anxiously looking to his printer for as much as will meet his current expenses. He authorizes his friend to sell his books which remained at Geneva for a shilling apiece, for he is compelled to resort to them to satisfy his landlord. But in the midst of his poverty he was contemplating matrimony. His friends were looking out for a wife for him. A German lady of noble birth and considerable fortune was first presented to his notice; but she showed no desire to acquire the French language, and he did not care to be joined to a mate with whom he could not converse. There was a second maiden who, he thought, would be a treasure without a dowry, but something interfered to prevent their bliss. His brother engaged him to a third, but the engagement was no sooner made than it was broken off; and he began to doubt if he should persevere. At length Bucer found a suitable wife for him in Idelette de Buren, the widow of an Anabaptist whom he had converted. She probably brought him some money, but it could not be much. What Calvin chiefly wanted, as he himself confesses, was a nurse; for though he was only thirty-one, he was already in wretched health.

But Geneva was now sitting in sackcloth and ashes, penitent for having banished Calvin, and most anxious for his return. After the departure of the ministers, a reign of anarchy had begun; the short season of restraint had ended in greater excesses than ever. The respectable citizens were scandalized at the disorders and license which prevailed. The ministers who remained behind, and especially those who filled the places of the exiles, were, if we may believe Calvin, a disgrace to their order. A strong reaction set in, and on the 1st of May 1541, the decree banishing the ministers was revoked, and Calvin invited to return. He hesitated long, and consulted his friends as to what he should do. He had evidently a great love for Geneva, but he dreaded the renewal of the struggles through which he had come, and which his weak physical frame was scarcely able to bear. "Who will not pardon me," he said, "if I do not again willingly throw myself into a whirlpool which I have found so fatal?" Probably he also wished to make

the Genevese feel — and we may pardon him if he did — that if he returned it was to please them and not himself. He at last resolved to go, dictating to the humbled city his own terms.

Calvin re-entered Geneva on the 12th of September, 1541, and his entry was a kind of triumph. One of the heralds of the city accompanied him. He was conducted to a house provided for him in the Rue des Chanoines, which commanded a magnificent view of the lake, the Jura, Mont Blanc and the green hills which rose round the ramparts of the city. The joyful syndics voted him a new cloak, and cheerfully paid eight crowns for it. They fixed his stipend at 500 florins, twelve measures of wheat, and two tubs of wine — a handsome allowance for those days. But above florins and wheat and wine, Calvin was thinking of the ecclesiastical polity which he was bent upon establishing. He had developed his scheme of church government more fully in the second edition of his "Institutes." He had tried it on a small scale at Strasburg. But Geneva was evidently the proper field for its operation. Geneva was a State in itself. Its old ecclesiastical constitution had been destroyed, and no new one yet erected in its stead. The people had experienced the evils of anarchy, and were willing to submit to anything he might prescribe. He therefore lost no time in setting about his work: —

"Two days after his arrival in the city," says M. Guisot, "as soon as he had paid an official visit to the magistrates, he requested them without any further delay to nominate a commission which should have power to prepare the necessary reforms in the constitution and government of the Church. Six members were at once appointed, and a fortnight later, with the help of Calvin and his colleagues, they had drawn up a hundred and sixty-eight articles, which contained a complete scheme of ecclesiastical polity. This scheme was presented to the Council on the 26th of September, 1541. It was discussed during a whole month, and modified on many points in which the civil magistrates thought it too severe. It was adopted on the 9th of November by the Two Hundred, and was received on the 20th by the General Assembly. Several slight modifications were, however, made at the request of some of the citizens, and it was not until the 2nd of January, 1542, that the Ecclesiastical Ordinances were definitely accepted by the General Assembly consisting of 2,000 citizens. On the 14th of March, 1542, Calvin wrote: — 'We have now a kind of ecclesiastical tribunal and such a form of religious discipline as these troublous times will allow of. But do not think that we have obtained it without great difficulty.' " (Pp. 258, 259.)

In order to understand the ecclesiastical polity now established in Geneva, we must know something of its civil polity, as the two were to work together like the two parts of one machine. There were four magistrates, called syndics. These were elected annually by the whole of the burghesses met in general assembly. This General Assembly was understood to be the ultimate depository of all political power, and was accordingly consulted on all important occasions. Invested with a certain authority there was a Council of Sixty; and since the alliance with Friburg and Berne in 1526, a Council of Two Hundred. Besides these there was the ordinary Council which wielded the executive power of the State. It consisted of the four syndics, the four ex-syndics, the city treasurer, and sixteen others. These sixteen were chosen by the Council of Two Hundred, and the Council of Two Hundred was in its turn chosen by the ordinary Council. Though Geneva was thus in some respects a pure democracy, the Constitution of the Councils placed the government of the city in the hands of an oligarchy.

We now turn our attention to the ecclesiastical polity which was raised by the side of this civil polity. According to Calvin, "wherever the word of God was purely preached, and the Sacraments administered according to the institution of Christ, there was a Church." A visible organized Church, therefore, consists of the whole body of the clergy and laity belonging to it, or rather there is no essential distinction between the clergy and laity, and both together constitute the Church. Calvin recognized no higher authority in the Church than that of the pastor. The bishop, the presbyter, the pastor are one. Subordinate to these general principles developed in the "Institutio Christianæ Religionis," the Ecclesiastical Ordinances erected two courts for the government of the Church.

1. The Venerable Company of Pastors. This court consisted of all the pastors of the city. Their duty was to preach the word, administer the Sacraments, to examine and ordain by the imposition of hands candidates for the ministry.

2. The Consistory. This court consisted of the six pastors (a number afterwards increased) and twelve lay elders. Two of these elders were chosen from the ordinary Council, and the remainder from the Council of Two Hundred. They were nominated by the ministers, but elected by the Council. They were paid two *sols* a day out of the fines levied from the penitents who appeared at their bar. According to rule,

one of the syndics was to preside at the meetings of the Consistory, but as matter of fact Calvin did so during his whole life. This court took cognisance of every conceivable ecclesiastical offence, and in fact wielded the whole power of the Church in Geneva. Its extreme sentence was excommunication pronounced with much solemnity and in virtue of the power of the keys entrusted by Christ to the office-bearers of his Church. In many cases, however, the Consistory handed over the delinquents who came before it to the civil power, to be dealt with by it in the way of fine, imprisonment, or death.

The independent jurisdiction of the Church was fully recognized by the Ecclesiastical Ordinances of Geneva.

"There were two principles," says M. Guizot, "to which Calvin attached the highest importance; I might almost call them his two supreme passions, for they were as preeminent in his religious system as they were in his life.

"I. The distinction between religious and civil society, that is, between Church and State. I say distinction not separation; it was an alliance between two societies, two powers, each independent of the other in its own domain, but combining in action, and giving each other mutual support. II. The amendment and religious discipline of the life and morals of all members of the Church, who were to be placed under the inspection of the ecclesiastical powers, and subjected to their authority, with recourse in extreme cases to the civil power." (Pp. 259, 260.)

"Thus," says Professor Kampschulte, "did Geneva receive through Calvin its earlier character back again. The old episcopal city became an ecclesiastical city again, and in a higher degree than it had ever been before."

Calvin swept away as a cobweb the whole organization of the Papal Church — Pope, bishops, deans, canons, all disappeared in his system; in this respect the Genevan Reformation was much more complete than either the German or Anglican. But Calvin retained as a precious deposit a doctrine which the Church of Rome had fought hard to preserve, and which, in fact, formed the foundation of its power — the doctrine of ecclesiastical independence; while the other Churches of the Reformation allowed this doctrine to die. The theory of spiritual authority was as complete at Geneva as it was at Rome. The princes and free cities of Germany ruled the German Churches, neither Luther nor Melancthon forbidding it. Henry VIII. in England had declared himself supreme in the Church as well as in the State, adding the tiara to his crown.

Zwingli, in the cantons under his control, made no objection to the magistrates assuming sovereign authority in matters of faith. It was in Geneva alone that the Roman doctrine of the entire independence of the Church, as a separate corporation distinct from the State, was maintained and acted on. It was the vital idea of Calvin's system. There was a Kingdom of God upon earth, with an autonomy of its own; the Church towered up as an institution distinct from the State, and, it might be, opposed to it. In every country there must be two legislatures, two laws, two jurisdictions, and two magistracies—the civil and the ecclesiastical.

But to this old idea Calvin added a new and daring one, which modified its action but increased its power. He admitted the laity to a large share of ecclesiastical government. The Consistory consisted of but six ecclesiastics and twelve laymen. This powerful court therefore had its roots in the civil society which lay outside of the clerical sphere, and from it derived its strength. It was not a mere company of ecclesiastics sitting in judgment upon the manners of the outer world. It was a representation of the whole Church, embodying its life, its ideas, and its tendencies. It rested upon a thoroughly democratic and anti-sacerdotal basis. The Church of Scotland, which is perhaps the fullest development of the Calvinistic ideas, has confessedly derived its chief strength from the presence of the laity in all its courts. To its first General Assemblies all the reforming barons of the kingdom were invited. In its Assemblies at this day the representatives of all classes in the country have a place. And the Assemblies which during the early struggles of the Covenant, dictated to the Parliament and defied the King, derived their conscious strength from the fact that they were then the only representatives of the people.

"Chaque pays," says M. Mignet in the paper already referred to, "avait modele le gouvernement de l'Eglise reformee sur celui de l'Etat. Calvin, qui se trouvait proscrit et place dans une ville en possession recente de sa souverainete, n'eut aucun menagement pour l'autorite civile, et parvint a la dompter parce qu'il la trouva plus faible que lui. Ayant l'exil pour point de depart, il eut le pouvoir politique pour point d'attaque. Il subordonna l'Etat a l'Eglise, la societe civile a la societe religieuse, et prepara dans Geneve une croyance et un gouvernement a tous ceux en Europe qui rejeteraient la croyance et s'insurgeraient contre le gouvernement de leur pays. C'est ce qui arriva en France sous la minorite de Charles IX.; en Ecosse sous le regne trouble de Marie-Stuart; dans les Pays-

Bas lors de la revolte des Provinces-Unies; et en Angleterre sous Charles I. Le Calvinisme, religion des insurges, fut adopte par les Huguenots de France, les Gueux des Pays-Bas, les Presbyteriens d'Ecosse, les Puritains et les Independants d'Angleterre. Expression, sous une autre forme, du grand besoin de croire avec liberte qu'eprouvit alors le genre humain, il fournit un modele et un moyen de reformation aux peuples dont les gouvernements ne voulerent pas l'operer eux-memes, sans etre toute fois assez forte pour l'empêcher."

It is certain Calvin did not mean to be the apostle of revolt. He inculcated subordination to the civil power so strongly as to seem to teach passive obedience. He maintained that Christian freedom was quite consistent with political and even with social servitude. It is equally certain that Calvinism is not necessarily the religion of rebels. It has existed peaceably in the bosom of every State, and Calvinists have emulated Lutherans, Episcopalians, and Romanists in loyalty. But it is true, as M. Mignet asserts in his brilliant way, that Calvinism found its first seat in those countries where the Government was weak or temporarily paralysed. When the Government reformed the Church, the ecclesiastical jurisdiction was uniformly subordinated to the civil. When the people reformed the Church, the ecclesiastical jurisdiction became co-ordinate with the civil, or rose above it. The Presbyterian polity, with its republican courts and claims of spiritual independence, became the polity of every popularly reformed Church. But it was the popular voice that proclaimed Presbyterianism, not Presbyterianism that preached the revolt of the people. The more entirely a people were left to themselves, the more Calvinistic they became; the feebler the powers of the State, the higher the pretensions of the Church. The syndics of Geneva were powerless in the presence of the ministers. Queen Mary and King James went down in the dirt before the Scotch Presbyters as really as the Emperor Henry IV. before the Pope.

When Calvin was elaborating his "Institutes," and working with the syndics at the Ecclesiastical Ordinances, he was unconsciously framing laws for a large part of Christendom. His church organization, as well as his doctrines, was received by the Huguenots of France, who revered him as their head. French Protestantism, in fact, driven from Paris, made Geneva its metropolis. John Knox was the friend of Calvin, Andrew Melville was the friend of Beza, and they carried from Geneva to Scotland the Calvinistic creed and Presby-

terian institutions, which have flourished there for three centuries in fuller development than in any other part of the world. As soon as Holland threw off the yoke of Spain, it set up the institutions of Geneva, and there they exist to this day in undiminished vigour. The religion of the Reformed penetrated into the country of Luther, and still maintains its ground in every city where it is allowed a resting-place. It threatened England both at the Reformation and the Rebellion; it took possession of a province of Ireland; and it is now widely spread over the United States of America. It has modified its forms to suit circumstances. In all countries it has nourished a love of liberty and independence. Without exciting insurrection, it has oftentimes blessed it when the cause was good, and has thus preserved freedom in its last asylums. It was the breath of life of the English Puritans and the Scotch Covenanters. It moulded the character of William the Stadtholder and William the King; it gave dignity and strength to Condé and Coligny, and fostered the patriotism of Buchanan and Henderson, of Baxter and Howe. With the spread of republican institutions it is likely to gain rather than lose in force; though time has abundantly proved that it was but a silly panic to which James I. gave utterance when he said, "No bishop, no king."

Calvin having seen his Ordinances sanctioned and his Consistory set up, did not delay to put the law in force. Geneva must be a city of the saints; and he had now in his hands the instrument of its regeneration. The gambling-houses were shut up, the wine-shops were closed at the toll of nine, dancing was put down, profane songs were interdicted, profligates were ferreted out, attendance at Church was made imperative, a slighting word about religion or its ministers was severely punished. The consistorial law extended to everything. The mode of the hair, the style of the dress, the number of dishes and courses which might be allowed at a feast, the number of guests who might be invited to a wedding, was all prescribed, and might not be transgressed with impunity. Absentees from church were fined three *sols*. Those who came late were censured for the first offence, and fined for the second. A man who heard an ass bray and said in jest "he sings a fine psalm," was banished for a time from the city. An illustrious citizen was excommunicated for saying that he was as good a man as Calvin. Three men who had laughed during a sermon were imprisoned for

three days and compelled to beg pardon. Fornicators were fined. Adulterers were put to death. There was no respect of persons, and no chance of escape. A kind of moral police reported delinquents, and once a year a minister and an elder visited every family in their parish, and made strict inquisition into its habits and ways. "Fine liberty!" said a lady with a sneer, "formerly we were compelled to go to the mass, and now we are forced to go to the sermon."

The political revolution which had swept over Geneva had destroyed its ancient constitution, and at the time when Calvin was recalled little more than the foundations of the new one had been laid. A multitude of regulations must be made to meet all the possibilities of municipal life, and to bring the civil law into harmony with the ecclesiastical. Accordingly, the ecclesiastical ordinances were no sooner accepted than a commission was appointed to draw up a code of civic ordinances, and Calvin was placed at its head. With untiring industry he toiled at this task, and the Council relieved him of some of his ministerial duties to give him more time for the work, and presented him with a cask of old wine to show their high approbation of his services. It is not without wonder that we see the hand of the author of the Institutes in bye-laws affecting the paltriest municipal affairs; but this was a genius which readily descended from the highest principles to the lowest details. The civil ordinances, like the ecclesiastical, exhibit his rigorous method, his logic, his love for law, inherited from his father, the old notary of Noyon, and perfected by his legal studies at Orleans and Bourges. The tendency of the changes which he introduced was to make the government of the city more aristocratic and the criminal law more severe. Only by a terrible severity did he think crime could be cured and the honour of God maintained: and according to his ideas the honour of God as well as the rights of man should be protected by legislation. Profane swearing should be punished as certainly as housebreaking. The ordinances were no sooner made than put in execution, and the presence of Calvin was evidently felt in the courts of justice as well as in the Council-house. Between 1542 and 1546 no fewer than fifty-eight persons were sentenced to death, and seventy-six to exile. On the 6th of March 1545, the gaoler reported to the Council that the prisons were full and could hold no more. Suspicion was enough to consign a man to

gaol; torture was employed to extort confession. Every ill-favoured or ill-tongued old woman was suspected to be a witch, and in three months no fewer than thirty-four of these, and among them the hangman's own mother, met their doom. "Human life," says Professor Kampschulte, "appeared to have lost its value in the New Geneva."

The stern spirit of the Old Testament rather than the beneficent spirit of the New is only too visible in this legislation. But Calvin had a love for the rigours of the Mosaic code, in which he was unfortunately copied by the Reformers of Scotland and the Puritans of England, who drew all their examples from Hebrew history. The Genevese commonwealth approximated to the Jewish under Moses and the Judges. It was a spiritual Government—a theocracy. Calvin was at once priest and king, and by laws which were thought to be sacred because administered by an ecclesiastical court, everything was regulated, down to hair-dressing and millinery.

The bold outlines of Calvin's legislation showed his greatness, the details exhibit his littleness. In many things he was behind rather than before his age. He interfered too much with individual liberty, and endeavoured to stamp his own image on every man, woman, and child, however different their circumstances and temperament from his. Calvin was not a joyous man, he was not even genial; his wretched health, his irritable temper, his literary ambition, made him shun rather than seek for social mirth and amusement; and he attempted by a repressive legislation to make the whole city as morose as himself. He moreover carried this legislation far beyond the domain of religion and morality, and made it apply to the most petty affairs of household life. It thus became a huge despotism, overshadowing everything.

"Although Calvin's system," says M. Guizot with great justness of observation, was "righteously conceived and carried out, his thoughts and legislation were influenced by two false motives which soon proved fatal; for when truth and error are blindly united, the evil will assuredly be developed and will compromise the good. Calvin's religious system for the evangelical Church almost entirely overlooked individual liberty. He desired to regulate private life in accordance with the laws of morality and by means of the powers of the State, to penetrate all social and family life, and the soul of every man, and to restrict individual responsibility within an ever-narrowing circle. In the relation of the Evangelical Church to the State, he

asserted and carried out the principle adopted in the Catholic Church, the right of the spiritual power to appeal to the secular arm in order to suppress and punish those offences against religion recognized by the State; that is, impiety and heresy. Calvin thus denied and violated the rights of conscience and perfect liberty in private life and in matters of religion." (P. 267.)

For a time the Genevese submitted with wonderful patience to this consistorial discipline, and Calvin began to see his Christian republic, pure and spotless, rising up before his delighted view. But soon some signs of discontent began to appear. There were violent altercations in the Consistory; violent scenes in the church at the dispensation of the Sacrament. The Consistory's power of excommunication was disputed by the Council. The wife of Ami Perrin, the captain-general of the city, had danced at a wedding; she was brought before the Consistory, soundly rated by Calvin, upon whom she retorted with a woman's volubility, and finally thrust into gaol like a strumpet or a thief. The result was a bitter feud between Calvin and some of the first families in the town. Menaces of assassination were fiercely muttered. But Calvin held his course and pursued his purpose, apparently heedless of the continual opposition to which he was exposed. All this time a constant stream of French refugees was pouring into the city, so that between 1543 and 1550 the population had increased from 13,000 to 20,000. Geneva was at once the seat of a terrible spiritual tyranny, and the last refuge of those who were seeking for spiritual freedom.

The most tragic passage in the history of Calvin—the part he played in the burning of Servetus—is yet to be told. Michael Servetus was born at Villanueva, in Spain, in the same year as Calvin. He studied the law first and afterwards medicine, in the profession of which he became eminent, and in some respects anticipated Harvey's great discovery of the circulation of the blood. His religious faith was early unhinged by the speculations then afloat. While he was yet a very young man he published a book "*De Trinitatis Erroribus*," showing the direction in which his thoughts were tending. In 1534 he met Calvin at Paris, and from that time they occasionally corresponded. They were both religious speculators, and both fugitives for their faith. Servetus finally settled at Vienne, under the name of M. Villeneuve, and was held in high repute as a physician. But his mind was continually reverting to his favourite speculations regarding the nature of Deity, and in the confidence of friendship he com-



municated many of his ideas to Calvin and asked his opinions in return. Calvin at last got wearied of corresponding with a man who differed so widely from him, and referred him to his Institutes. Servetus sent him back a copy of the Institutes with many critical notes written on the margin. Calvin renounced his correspondence as "a Satan designed to divert him from more useful studies." On the very same day he wrote to his friend Farel a letter which throws a portentous light upon the future tragedy. It appears that Servetus had offered to visit Calvin. "If he come," says Calvin, "I shall never permit him to depart alive, provided my authority be of any avail." This was in February 1546.

In 1553 Servetus published anonymously his "Restitutio Christianismi," in the very title of which we think there is a reference to Calvin's "Institutio." It taught a mystic pantheism, which embraced Christianity, and leaving the reformers of the sixteenth century far behind, carried religious "restoration" to the point reached by Hegel, Schleiermacher, and Baur in the nineteenth. A copy came into the hands of Calvin. About a month afterwards a French refugee at Geneva, named Trie, wrote to a relative at Lyons, taunting the Roman Church for allowing the author of the "Restitutio" to escape with impunity, and informing him that the writer of that work was Villeneuve, whose real name was Servetus. The letter took effect, as was undoubtedly designed by its writer; and the officers of the Inquisition were immediately on the trail of Villeneuve. But Villeneuve denied everything; denied that he was the author of the "Restitutio;" denied that he was Servetus. Trie was asked to give more information. He now furnished the Inquisition with a number of letters which Servetus had written to Calvin, and with the chapter on Baptism of the "Institutio," with Servetus's marginal notes previously referred to. Calvin denies that he was the author or instigator of Trie's first letter, and M. Guizot credits his denial, though it is hard to believe that an unlettered man like Trie should himself have known everything about a Latin work on an abstruse subject, and the private history and different names of its author, with all which, however, Calvin was intimately acquainted. But now Calvin was directly connected with the case by furnishing to the Inquisition Servetus's letters to him—letters written, as Servetus declared, "under the seal of secrecy and for brotherly correction;" and it is little excuse, to say, as Trie did say,

that they were given up with reluctance. M. Villeneuve was now thrown into prison, but contrived to escape. He was sentenced to be burned over a slow fire, and the dreadful doom was carried out in effigy.

On the 17th of July a stranger alighted at a little inn—the Auberge de la Rose—on the banks of the lake of Geneva. He spoke of proceeding to Zurich next day, but stayed on for more than three weeks, and when at last he had hired a boat, and was preparing to cross the lake, he was arrested and carried to prison. Calvin had recognized Servetus in the wayfaring man, and written to one of the syndics requesting that he should be arrested. Having secured his victim he proceeded to carry into effect the terrible threat which he had uttered seven years before. He arranged that his own secretary should act as prosecutor, but when the secretary was likely to be foiled by the more learned and subtle Servetus, Calvin pushed him aside and boldly appeared as the prosecutor himself. We need not relate all the painful incidents of the trial, which lasted for more than two months; how Calvin browbeat and abused the man he had already doomed to destruction, and how Servetus, driven to desperation and brought to bay, turned upon his assailant and coarsely abused him too. The end was known from the beginning. Servetus was condemned to be burned at the stake. On the morning of the execution Calvin visited the condemned man in his dungeon. The poor wretch humbled himself to beg his pardon, but he did not dishonour himself by recanting opinions which he honestly believed. Outside the ramparts and behind the town there is a green eminence, called Champel; it was the usual place of execution, the Golgotha of Geneva; there the martyr of Pantheism met the cruel doom awarded him by his Christian judges. "The dignity of the philosopher," says M. Guizot, "triumphed over the weakness of the man, and Servetus died heroically and calmly at that stake, the very thought of which had at first filled him with horror." (P. 325.)

This terrible transaction has left a blot on the character of Calvin which nothing can efface. "I am more deeply scandalized," said Gibbon, "at the execution of Servetus than at the hecatombs which have blazed at the auto-da-fés of Spain and Portugal." It is indeed a black story from first to last. The leader of the French Reformation sets the hounds of the French Inquisition on a former friend who had dared to differ from him in opinion, and when the poor hunted and doomed fugitive



flees from Vienne and comes to Geneva—the city of refuge to which all are fleeing from the atrocities of Rome—it is only to find in the Council of this Protestant city a court as sanguinary as the Inquisition, and in his correspondent a persecutor as relentless as St. Dominic. Calvin ought naturally to have had some sympathy with Servetus. They had both in early youth rebelled against ecclesiastical authority. They had both scaled the highest peaks of religious speculation. The one had produced his “*Institutio*,” the other his “*Restitutio*.” But there had been acrimonious words between them—perhaps a feeling of rivalry—and the dark suspicion arises that personal enmity mingled with zeal for the purity of the faith and sealed Servetus's doom. Calvin could tolerate heresy in others. We know he corresponded on friendly and even affectionate terms with Lælius Socinus, and never proposed that he should burn. Though friendly to his friends, it is certain that when his anger was kindled he was an intense hater and an implacable foe.

And yet we must not look upon the transaction in the light of the nineteenth century. Though the Reformation, if it meant anything, meant liberty of conscience and toleration for every form of religious belief, the Reformers themselves did not see this. Men were still intensely intolerant of all beliefs but their own. Bullinger justified Calvin's deed. Melancthon justified it. Peter Martyr justified it. But notwithstanding this the fires at Champel had scarcely died out when there was a thrill of horror at the deed which had been done, and many voices were raised, some in anger, some in grief, at the great crime which had been perpetrated in the name of religion. Man's instincts often keep him right when his spiritual instructors would lead him wrong. Calvin felt that he was put upon his defence, and he published his “*Fidelis expositio errorum M. Serveti et brevis eorumdem refutatio ubi docetur jure gladii coercendos esse hæreticos*.” In this remarkable tract the head of the French Reformation acknowledges and defends all he had done, loads Servetus with the bitterest reproaches, and maintains that heretics should be put to death without mercy. He even hints that those who doubted this ought to die for their doubts. His friends, however, felt that his defence was not satisfactory, and many began to say that it was no longer possible to blame the Papists for burning as many Protestants as they pleased.

The burning of Servetus is unfortunately  
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not the only proof of the remorseless temper of Calvin and his times. Gruet had pasted a placard on his pulpit describing him as a pot-belly and threatening him with vengeance; and for no other overt crime than this (though some sceptical and otherwise suspicious papers were found in his house), he was tortured and put to death. Bolsec had ventured to differ from him in regard to predestination, and for this he was banished the city, glad to escape with his life. Gentilis, like many of the Italian reformers, was a deist, and for this he was thrown into a dungeon, and would certainly have shared the fate of Servetus, had he not retracted. As it was, he was compelled to parade the city in his shirt, bearing a lighted torch in his hand, and going down upon his knees to beg pardon for his sins. Relapsing into his opinions so soon as he escaped from Geneva, he met the doom of his free-thinking at Berne. Pierre Ameaux, at a supper in his own house, when he was flushed with wine had sneered at Calvin as a wicked Picard, who had preached false doctrine and wished to be a bishop. He was brought before the Council and fined; but the ecclesiastical dictator deeming the sentence too light for so grave an offence, appeared before the judges, and forced them to recall their own sentence, and condemn the outspoken bibulous Ameaux to the degrading punishment of the *amende honorable*.

But the most pitiful story is that of Sebastian Castellio, for though he never saw prison or block, he experienced a still harder fate. He made the acquaintance of Calvin at Strasburg, and was afterwards invited by him to be régent of the grammar school at Geneva. For a time all went well; but Castellio was a keen biblical scholar, and unhappily doubted the canonicity of the Song of Solomon and the reality of Christ's descent into hell. The countenance of Calvin was forthwith changed, and Castellio was glad to leave Geneva. He went to Basle, where he was made professor of Greek; and presumed in some of his writings to differ from his former patron and friend. He was acknowledged to be one of the most accomplished men of the day—a poet, a philologist, a divine; but notwithstanding this he was wretchedly poor, and had a wife and family to support. Calvin had heard of some stories of his terrible straits, and in one of his fierce polemics charged him with theft. Then the poor scholar told the whole tale; of how sometimes, when the Rhine was in flood, he went to its banks with a gaff, and hooked in some of the float-wood (the property of no one),

as it floated past, and carried it home to his lodgings to warm his children and himself while he pursued his literary work. But Calvin was not allowed thus cruelly to strike without being struck in return. Some of the hardest hits which he ever received were supposed at least to have come from Castellio's pen; and Bolsec published a "History of the Life, Manners, Acts, and Death of Calvin," which contains calumnies scarcely credible, and evidently inspired by revenge for the ill-usage he had received.

Notwithstanding the feeling which was awakened by Servetus's death, from the day of it the throne of Calvin was more firmly fixed than ever. After a struggle the party of the Libertines was entirely put down, and their leaders were driven from the city. An academy was established for training young men as preachers of the Reformed Faith, and Beza was placed at its head. Churches were erected for almost every nationality; for in the city were refugees speaking many languages, as in Jerusalem at the feast of Pentecost. The head of the "Reformed Church" entered the field against the controversialists of the Lutheran Church, and both got and gave deep stabs in the conflict. His faith and Church organization were now rearing themselves not only in opposition to Roman Catholicism but in opposition to Lutheranism. His influence extended far beyond Switzerland. From his house in the Rue des Chanoines he watched the great panorama of the Reformation as it unfolded itself in every State of Europe, and often guided or controlled it. He wrote to Edward VI., to Somerset, to Queen Elizabeth, to Condé, to Coligny, to the Duchess of Ferrara, to the Queen of Navarre, to Melancthon, to Knox; and in most quarters his letters had all the authority of Papal bulls. When any difficulty occurred in Scotland, where his influence was peculiarly strong, the Lords of the Congregation wrote to "that notable servant of God Master Calvin," and his word was revered as law. To this great height of authority had he climbed by his commanding intellect, his intense earnestness, and his unbending will.

In the drama of the Reformation there were, to borrow an idea which Professor Kampschulte has ably developed in his Introduction, three acts in which the great nationalities of Europe come successively upon the stage—the Slave, the German, and the Latin. First came the Slave—the Bohemian Huss—but his ideas were so narrow and so national that they quickly died out. Next came the German—the Monk of Wittenberg—with ideas more cre-

ative and larger than those of the "Bohemian Goose," but still purely Teutonic and patriotic, and accordingly Lutheranism has never shown itself able to flourish on any but German soil. Last of all came the Latin—Joannes Calvinus—and he spoke to all the world, and people of every region under heaven listened to his words. His banishment from his native country weakened the national sentiment within him, and from the age of twenty-five he belonged not to France, but to the world. Rising to eminence in a foreign State—a State far too small to limit the thoughts of his far-reaching mind—all his ideas and aims became cosmopolitan. His writings may be read from beginning to end without discovering to what nation he belonged. His religious system is not national but universal; and accordingly it thrives equally well in every climate. The very fact that it emanated from the midst of a small and powerless people probably helped its rapid propagation. The German was jealous of the Frank, and the Frank of the German, but no man needed to be jealous of the Genevese. Thus in earlier times the haughty Roman despised the feeble Jew, and under the shadow of the Jew the Christian rapidly made converts in the empire.

But the universality of Calvin's work arose not only from his cosmopolitan ambition, but from the fact that while Huss and Luther were mainly destructive, he was pre-eminently constructive. Huss has been called by Louis Blanc the "awakening genius of modern revolution," and Luther tore down the Papacy in such a style as astonished the world. But Luther, though he uttered many fertile thoughts, never so organized his system as to give it a definite and enduring shape. He left his edifice but half finished, and with many remains of the Romanesque in its architecture; and hence it is that many say that the modern thinkers of Germany are but completing the work which Luther began. Calvin, on the other hand, found the work of destruction nearly complete, and having knocked over the few stones which Luther left standing, he set himself at once to the work of reconstruction, and soon reared a system of religious belief and ecclesiastical government so complete in every part, that it is impossible either to take from it or add to it without endangering the whole. There have been many who have rebelled against Calvinism; none who have moulded it into different forms from those which Calvin designed.

But notwithstanding Calvin's greatness,

his life was far from a happy one. He was incessantly worried by petty squabbles in the Consistorial Court. He had many enemies, and was sometimes insulted even in the streets of Geneva. Some of the Libertines called their dogs by his name. His health was miserable, and was daily becoming worse. He had violent headaches, a disordered stomach, a distressing asthma. He seldom ate more than one meal in the twenty-four hours. He slept very little. But he worked incessantly. It was evident such a life could not be a long one: the strong mind must wear out the weak body. And so it was. He died on the 27th of May, 1564, at the comparatively early age of fifty-five. He was buried next day in the cemetery of Plain Palais, without any pomp, according to his desire; but the syndics, the members of the Council, the pastors, the professors, and a great number of the inhabitants of the town followed the remains to the grave. No monument marks the spot, but the pilgrim to the place is shown a plain stone, with the letters J. C. carved upon it, and is told that under it the ashes of John Calvin repose.

We can never love Calvin as we love Luther—the genial, jovial Luther, with his tankard of beer, his song and his wife; ready to dare Pope or devil, but never to squabble with Frau or Fräulein about dancing or dress. But there is much in the character of Calvin which must ever command the admiration of all mankind, in spite of his narrow, unrelenting creed, and his sour, and even sanguinary character. In pure intellect he excels all the Reformers, in learning he was little behind the best of them. He was lofty in his ideas and aims. Far above the vulgar love of money, he lived and died a poor man; and despising the pomp of power when he possessed its reality, he went about simply as the pastor of the Church of St. Peter, though in point of fact he was dictator of the city. He was intensely earnest. It was this which made him head of Geneva, and Geneva in its turn the capital city of the Reformed Faith. Under his theocratic reign the small Alpine town became the great propaganda of Protestantism in Europe—the rival and deadliest enemy of Rome. His faults, perhaps, arose principally from physical causes. He was irritable, and subject to violent fits of passion of which he himself was afterwards ashamed. He was overbearing, impatient of contradiction, and capable of intense hatred. Calvin could not be otherwise than intolerant. His profound convictions and his bad temper made it impossible for him to

tolerate other opinions than his own, and the age in which he lived encouraged this native tendency of his mind. His moral courage was a most wonderful triumph over his nervous weakness. From his youth he complained of his timidity, and certainly he had not the kind of boldness which Luther had; but he never shrank from danger, when he believed it was his duty to face it. There are some scenes in his history in which the nervous invalid stands out like a great hero. When his indignation was once fairly roused, or his resolves firmly fixed, he would rather die than flinch from his purpose.

There are lighter shades in his character. It is curious to find the stern reformer acting as a match-maker and beating about for a wife to his friend Viret, and when repulsed in one quarter, contentedly betaking himself to another. Some of his letters are playful, but his playfulness is scarcely natural and easy. He was fond of affixing nicknames upon his enemies, in which there is sometimes a trace of humour, but more frequently of bitterness. His friendships were often deep and enduring. There must have been something kindly about the man who so captivated in his youth the gentle Du Tillet, and in his riper years enchaind for life the wayward, impetuous Farel. He could not have commanded such homage as he received even during his life had he not been possessed of noble qualities. It has often been debated how a man so apparently unsympathizing and so harsh could have influenced so many minds and achieved the work which he did. M. Renan answers that it was "because he was the most Christian man of his age, and of an age and a country which required an awakening." But it is evident the great Semitic scholar here uses "Christian" in too low a sense, for he immediately adds, "His very morosity was one of the conditions of his success; for they who are seriously religious are more easily gained by severity than laxity, and prefer narrow to broad paths." Having a higher estimate of what true Christianity is than M. Renan, we cannot regard John Calvin as the most Christian man of the sixteenth century, nor indeed accept of him as a high type of Christianity in any age; but we believe with M. Renan that in times of religious excitement a severe piety and narrow theology are sure to find devotees by thousands. This may have been one of the secrets of Calvin's success.

Time has wrought havoc upon his ideas and institutions, as upon everything else. It has even brought about some marvellous revenges. Doctrines akin to those for

which Servetus was burned have long been preached in Genevese pulpits, and are now spreading rapidly among the Presbyterian pastors of Holland. The Genevese citizens are now as gay as they were in the days of their bishops, and laugh, and dance, and sing as if Calvin never had lived. The Dutch, notwithstanding their national sobriety, have their amusements too without fear of the Consistory. In Scotland alone there still remain some traces of the ancient austerity, though even there they are fast fading away. The struggle for spiritual independence still goes on, and has even spread from Presbyterian to other Churches; but the civil is steadily gaining upon the ecclesiastical power, and some dreamers look forward to the time when the Christianized state shall absorb the Church and be one with it. Thus the law of change has been working. But the great outlines of Calvin's creed and church polity, like the great features of the landscape, remain immovable, while the little details have been effaced by the hand of time. And

Calvin, whatever his faults, must ever be regarded as one of the great legislators of the world.

With M. Guizot's and Professor Kampshulte's books in our hands we are able to form a better estimate both of his character and works than we were before. He was neither the demon painted by Audin nor the divinity portrayed by Henri and D'Aubigné, but a man of commanding intellect and deep convictions, with bad health and an irritable temper. In the doctrines which he taught and the institutions which he reared there is seen, as in all human things, a mixture of good and evil; but they have stood the test of time, and earnest and religious people have been reared under their shadow. A different man, with finer sensibilities, a more liberal spirit, and a more loving heart, could not have achieved his reformation work; and at the end of centuries we are able to pronounce the effects of that work to have been upon the whole very good.

THE eccentric vanity of a large class of charitable people is sufficiently familiar, but has seldom been paraded in a more grotesque shape than in the list of contributions to the "Jubilee Fund" of a religious society which has just come under our notice. Here are a few examples of the entries:—

Two Widows' Mites, to sound the Jubilee Trumpet.	1 0 0
Mr. J. R. B., for a word spoken in season to me by Mr. W. B.; for Christian sympathy and forbearance; for the Methodist Rule concerning spirituous liquors; in memory of two beloved Class-leaders, Mr. M. and Mr. R. G. C.; for Titus iii. 5; for the Gospel preached to my mother; for light in the way of salvation given to my sister Marianne; for Christian sympathy to my brother Arthur; for my sister Julia's conversion to God; and for Christian instruction given to my sister Louisa Mary.	10 0 0
Mr. J. R. B.'s numerous reasons for giving a subscription contrast rather oddly with the sum.	
Mr. W. H., in remembrance of two beloved wives in heaven, and in memory of having heard the Rev. J. Wesley preach in Wallingford.	1 5 0
One who saw and was glad.	1 1 0
Another who saw and was glad.	1 1 0
Mr. Henry K., for a Manx wife and nine children, whom the Lord has graciously given to his servant.	20 0 0
A Debtor to Grace	1 1 0
Mr. John W., as an expression of Gratitude to God for bringing me to Himself, by the instrumentality of Methodism; for an excellent wife in heaven, and an excellent wife on earth.	21 0 0

Ditto, a Thank Offering to my heavenly Father, who has been and still is all He promised to be—"a Father to the fatherless, a Husband to the widow, and a Judge of the widow, in His holy habitation;" for five precious children yet lent unto me to cheer and gladden my widowed heart, £5 for each.

For Anna, my precious partner for 31 years, now beholding the King in His glory.	5 0 0
In memory of my sainted daughter Jane, and of Eliza Anna, the holy Canadian.	3 0 0

It really seems a pity that religious zeal should find expression in such grotesque forms; and that otherwise sensible people cannot give five pounds to a good cause without putting their entire families, dead and alive, into the contribution list. Is it wrong to suggest that these long records of subscriptions are a cheap and easy way to that notoriety which so many weak minds desire?

Pall Mall Gazette.

SAID a male advocate of woman's rights, "When I am in a crowded car and a lady comes in, I think it is the duty of some other man to get up and give her his seat. I look round the car to see if any man in the crowd looks like making a move in that direction, and when I see them all keep their seats, I hide my face behind my newspaper, and blush for my sex."

## DOROTHY FOX.

From Good Words.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HOW IT ALL HAPPENED."

## CHAPTER I.

## THE FORTUNE OF WAR.

It was in the summer of 1856. The war being at an end, England began to forget the excitement and military ardour which for two years had pervaded her every nook and corner. But at the principal seaports the memory was still kept alive by reckless soldiers and sailors spending their hard-earned money, and by their less fortunate comrades wandering about pale and haggard, some on crutches, some in splints, waiting to hear the decision of pension or discharge—the only two alternatives left for them.

At the top of one of those narrow streets of the old town of Plymouth, leading from the Barbican, a crowd of sailors, fish-women, apprentices (boys and girls), had assembled to witness a fight. Through this motley crowd a soldier-like man was almost vainly endeavoring to push his way. He was pale and thin from recent illness, and his bandaged arm showed the cause of his suffering.

"Good heavens!" he thought, "How sick and faint I feel! I wish I had listened to the doctor, and not have been in such a hurry to come out! I wonder if there is any place hereabout where I could sit down for a little while."

He walked more rapidly on towards the Guildhall, passing a saddler's, an ironmonger's, a goldsmith's, until he came to a shop with a fat gilt lamb hanging over the door, and having opposite it an old round clock, stretching its face into the street. Here a curious sensation came over him, which made the lamb and the clock's face seem to change places; and he had just sense enough left to turn into the open door and sink into a chair, as a voice reached him from the distance: "How can I serve thee?" Then all became still and dark and blank.

The name of the young man was Charles Verschoyle; the shop he had entered be-

longed to Nathaniel Fox, cloth and woollen draper; and the voice which inquired, "How can I serve thee?" came from his daughter Dorothy, who, while she was speaking, saw, to her great terror and perplexity, the stranger's head sink back, and a pallor, as of death, spread itself over his face.

She gave a little cry, and exclaimed, "Oh dear! what can be the matter with him? And Mark away, and Judith out! What shall I do?"

She then leaned across the counter, saying, in a louder voice, "Friend! friend! art thou ill?" And then something she saw in the white face forced her, despite her fear, to run forward and put out her arm to support his falling head. Now, seeing his bandaged arm, she dismissed an idea which had crossed her mind that, perhaps, he had been drinking. She said tenderly, "Poor fellow, it is his arm that has caused this sudden faintness. If I had but some water, or mother's smelling-salts, he would most likely revive."

At this moment the inner door of the shop opened, and a bright-faced, middle-aged woman, with a thick-frilled white cap, appeared.

"Oh, Judith! Judith! come here. I am so glad thou art returned. While thou hast been away, see, this poor man has come into the shop; and he has fainted. Do run and get some water."

Before Judith obeyed, she came over to have a closer inspection of the sufferer, saying, "Are you sure, now, he's swooning?—it isn't tricks or drink?" But, without waiting for a reply, she continued, after looking at the face, almost as white as the kerchief against which it leaned, "God forgive the thought! and his poor broken arm tied up to his side."

The young man heaved a deep sigh.

"Oh, do run, Judith, and get the water!" exclaimed Dorothy, anxiously bending over him; and he, suddenly opening his eyes, met the earnest gaze, took in the childish



face, wondered where he was, then leaned his head back, and forgot it all again.

Judith returned with the water, and sprinkled it over his face; while Dorothy chafed his hands, as she had seen her mother do to her Aunt Abigail.

"Judith, dost thou think mother and father would object, if we asked him to rest awhile on the sofa until he finds strength enough to walk home?"

Judith looked dubious. Master and mistress were away. If they had been at home, she would not have hesitated. And Mark was out too. "No," she thought, "we had better not."

Dorothy looked grave. "Thou might ask him to stay until Mark comes. Then he could fetch him a cab. It is nearly five o'clock; and Mark is always here at half-past."

Judith shook her head: she was not certain whether it was safe.

"Mother says we are always to do good one to another," persisted Dorothy; "and the text quoted last First-day in Dorcas Horsenail's discourse was—'Be not forgetful to entertain strangers; for thereby, some have entertained angels unawares.'"

"Well, then, I wish this was one!" exclaimed Judith, in perplexity, "and that he would fly away; for, as it is, I don't know what to do with him, and that's the truth."

"Hush!" said Dorothy, with the double intention of reproving Judith's levity, and because the stranger was coming to himself. She shrunk back; and Judith, finding she was expected to take the initiative, demanded, "Are you better, sir?"

"Better? Oh, yes!" returned the young man, with a short gasp between each sentence. "What has been the matter? Where am I? I am afraid I have been giving some trouble."

"Indeed, no," said Dorothy, coming forward. "I am only glad thou wert able to reach here."

"You are both very kind," he answered. "I am quite unable to thank you." And such a soft expression came into his dark eyes and lit up his wan face, that all Judith's former prudence gave way, and, to Dorothy's great satisfaction, she begged he would walk into the parlour behind the shop, and rest on the sofa for awhile.

"Nobody will disturb you there, sir. And if you don't feel strong enough to walk by the time our shopman comes, he can call ye a cab."

Thinking that she was the mistress of the house, Captain Verschoyle thanked her, and accepting her invitation and assistance (for

he still felt very unsteady), he went into the substantially furnished parlour, threw himself on the large old-fashioned sofa, and was asleep before Dorothy returned with the ginger cordial she had been getting to revive him.

Very few customers were likely to come into the shop, for Nathaniel Fox's business was principally confined to wholesale and private orders. So, telling Judith she would sit quietly until Mark returned, and she was ready, Dorothy seated herself in the only approach to an easy chair—one of carved oak, black, and stiff-backed. Taking her knitting in her hand, she furtively glanced at the sleeper, but, finding he was quite unconscious, she let her hand drop idly in her lap, and her eyes gaze earnestly and curiously. "He must have been very ill," she thought. "How beautifully white his hand is!" and then she regarded the little pink-dimpled pair which lay in her own lap with a critical and rather dissatisfied expression. "What long eyelashes he has!" and first one eye and then the other is shut to see if a glimpse of her own can be obtained. No, nothing but the tip of the provoking little nose; and her gaze falls again on the young man who, from his bearing, may perhaps be a soldier wounded in the war. At the thought she gives a little shudder, takes up her knitting, and works away most industriously for fully ten minutes. Then the click-click of the needles cease, and her thoughts begin to wander. Her reverie this time is so deep that she does not notice that the sleeper has awakened, and is in his turn carefully inspecting her. As she sat in the old black carved chair, in her gown of soft grey stuff, with her rebellious hair (in spite of brushing and tight fastening up) twined into little golden rings, her fair face, almost infantine in its youthfulness, gave such a ridiculous impression of primness and juvenescence that Captain Verschoyle was reminded of nothing so much as of some lovely child playing at being a staid woman.

The deep tones of the Guildhall clock striking six was now heard, the chimes of St. Andrew's repeated the hour, and Judith softly opened the door, closing it again as she saw Dorothy put her finger to her lip. But the disturbance seemed to have roused the young man, who opened his eyes and sat up.

"Dost thou feel better?" asked Dorothy anxiously.

"Oh, yes; I am all right again now; but you do not mean to say it is six o'clock? Why, what have I been thinking of? I had no idea of going to sleep when I sat



down—not that I am particularly clear about what happened after I reached here.”

“Did thou feel ill suddenly, or was it thy intention to come here?”

“No; I was passing the door when I became quite faint.”

“Thy arm doubtless was the cause. I see it is bandaged,” she said with a pitiful voice.

“Oh! my wound is a mere scratch,” replied Captain Verschoyle. “I am weak from fever and ague, and though I have been in Plymouth a month, this is the first time I have ventured so far. The doctor advised me against going out to-day, but I thought I was much stronger than it seems I am. I do not know what would have become of me if I hadn’t had strength enough to stagger in here. Fate was unusually good to send me where I should meet with so much hospitality. I really cannot express how very grateful I feel for your kindness.”

“Oh! do not speak of it,” said Dorothy; “I only did what mother would have me do. Art thou sure that thou art sufficiently strong to walk? Mark can get thee a cab in a few minutes.”

“Thanks; I will not trouble him; the air may revive me, for my head is a little heavy.” He took out a card and gave it to Dorothy, saying, “Will you give my thanks to your mother? Good-bye;” and he held out his hand.

“Farewell,” she said, giving him hers; “and I hope if thou should ever be near and feel weary, thou wilt not hesitate to come in and rest.”

“Thank you very much.” Again he looked round the shop, but seeing no one but Mark, he turned once more to Dorothy and said, “You will not forget to give my adieus and thanks to your good mother,” and was gone.

“My good mother,” thought she; “what does he mean. Oh! perhaps he thought that Judith was my mother,” and she smiled as she contrasted the two. Then she looked at the card and read, “Captain Charles Egerton Verschoyle, 17th Lancers.” Then he *was* a soldier, one of the men belonging to a profession her father and friends generally condemned. She was recalling all the details of this little episode when Judith appeared, ready dressed in her shawl and bonnet.

“Why, Judith, art thou ready? I will not keep thee a moment.”

“That’s right, dear; make haste, or the omnibus will be here. Mark is looking out for it to pass the church corner.”

Dorothy was soon down again, and Judith

inquired, “Was the young man all right before he left? I saw him go as I was putting on my things.”

“Yes, but he said he had a headache; and, dost thou know? I think he took thee for mother.”

“’Twas like his impudence then, not to see you were a young lady, and his better most like.”

“Why, Judith, how funny thou art!” laughed Dorothy; “how could he tell anything about us? And besides thou would’st make a very nice mother, I think.”

“Bless your dear heart,” replied Judith fondly, “it’s a proud mother I’d be with such a treasure as you in my keepin’; but marryin’ ain’t for the like of me, child. The only man I ever looked with favour on, things went bad with, and he had to go for a soldier, and whether he’s living or dead, poor boy, is more than I know now, or perhaps ever shall.”

“That was very sad!” said Dorothy, who knew Judith’s love-story by heart. “The young man who was faint was a soldier. He did not look like one, did he?”

“Oh, they’re all good-looking enough,” returned Judith; “and I’m not one for sending them all to the bottomless pit wholesale, like the master does; as the sayin’ is, ‘nobody’s so black as they’re painted;’ and though there’s no soldiers at the Friends’ meetin’, they can’t keep the flesh and the devil out—no, nor never will as long as the members there are men and women.”

Happily the omnibus arrived at this moment, or Judith would have given a lecture in justification of her speech, for being a strict Methodist, she could not resist a little hit now and then at what she considered the Quakers’ spiritual pride, much as she approved of them.

The Foxes did not live at their place of business; they had a pleasant old-fashioned country-house near Compton Giffard, and thither the omnibus was now carrying Judith and Dorothy, her mother and father being absent for a few days. Dorothy had gone in the morning to spend the day with Judith, who attended to the domestic duties of the Plymouth establishment. After leaving the omnibus they turned down a lane, at the widest part of which stood a long white gate, shaded by two thick elm trees. This was the entrance to the house, a rambling old-fashioned place, half of it the original manor dwelling, and the other half added to it at various times, as adorning or enlarging was needed. There was nothing at all pretentious, it only looked a comfortable, carefully kept house. Nathaniel Fox

would have been horrified at the idea of its being thought anything but a house becoming a well-to-do tradesman to dwell in, yet more was expended on it than upon many a country seat. Order and neatness reigned everywhere, and the gardens had a prim old world air that set off to advantage the gabled roof, the small high narrow windows with their diamond panes, and the fantastic chimneys, half wreathed with long sprays of ivy and virginian creeper.

Just now the master and mistress were attending a quarterly meeting at Exeter. Generally Cousin Dymond came and kept Dorothy company during these visits; but she was ill, and Dorothy was for the first time left entirely alone with the two maids, Judith coming out every night, and seeing that all was going on rightly. On Thursday or Friday her mother would return, with such a deal to tell her — when Elizabeth Sparks was going to be married, and whether Josiah Crewdson intended coming to them on a visit. As she sat at supper in the old nursery, now dedicated to Judith's especial use, she speculated on the probability of these events.

"I wish father would have given his consent to my being one of Elizabeth's bridesmaids, but he does not approve of their giving up the dress of Friends."

"Well, my dear," answered Judith, "I quite hold with him there, as long as he stops short of the bonnet and cap; but when I thought he was going to frump you up in them coal-scuttle things, I seemed to be turned against the dress entirely."

"Oh! Judith, I do so hope I shall not be obliged to wear them; but the Crewdsons are so very strict. Thou knowest Josiah dresses as a friend. I wonder if he is coming here; father has asked him;" and Dorothy sat looking thoughtfully for a few minutes, then she suddenly demanded, "Would thou be very sorry for me to be married, Judith?"

"Would I be sorry if I heard the sun was never to shine agen for me, darlin'?" said Judith, fondly; and Dorothy went over and put her arms round her old nurse's neck, saying, "Why do people want to get married at all? I cannot bear to think of ever leaving father and mother and thee; but it will not be for years to come yet, I hope."

"Ah, now!" exclaimed Judith, "I won't have ye wait too long. Grace was but twenty-one, and I'm not going to have my bantling behind her."

"Oh! but Grace is so happy."

"Well, and so will you be too. Mr. Crewdson is a worthy, good man, they all say, and so he need be, for it wouldn't be a

saint I'd think more than a match for my cosset."

"Thou art a foolish fond old Judith," said Dorothy, laughing; "as mother says, thy vanity will spoil me. I ought to be very thankful to be chosen by one so respected and highly approved of; but sometimes I think, and wish — oh! I cannot tell thee what, for I do not know myself — but there goes nine o'clock, so we must go down for reading." And they descended into the dining room, and the two maids came in. Dorothy read the appointed chapters and an explanation, dismissed them, and went to her room, attended by Judith, who persisted in considering her as helpless as when she was under her special care. Dorothy Fox at nineteen was both older and younger than most girls of her age. When she was only ten, Grace, her half sister, had married, and she had no brothers or sisters of her own. She was her mother's constant companion, and the only society she saw was composed of people much older than herself, whose conversation was principally confined to the proceedings of the Friends. For some years past a great revolution in their ideas had set in, causing much division among them. The younger members were beginning to object strongly to the peculiar dress and mode of speech; and while they fondly approved of the faith in which they had been nurtured, they made a stand against being so entirely shut out from amusements in which they considered they might join without harm to themselves, or scandal to the profession they made.

Dorothy's father had seen with pain his eldest daughter and her husband become leaders in the new school. This made him doubly anxious that Dorothy should unite herself to a man who had been brought up like herself to hold firmly to every principle of the Society of Friends, and look with displeasure upon any innovation. And all these good qualities he found in Josiah Crewdson, the son of an old friend of his. For many years an alliance between the young people had been the sincere desire of the two fathers. Old Crewdson had died about two summers before, but not until he had made known his wishes to his son, and counselled him to carry them out. A few months back Nathaniel had, with Josiah's knowledge, spoken to Dorothy, and she had promised him that if it were possible she would not place any obstacle to the fulfilment of his desire. She had not seen Josiah since she was a child; but she had heard a great deal about him, so perhaps she should like him. Of course, as father wished it, she would try, and then, except when some

special event, such as his forthcoming visit, called it up, the thing almost seemed to die out of her memory.

Her mother was the only person who raised any objection. She had recently seen Josiah at York, and it did not seem to her that he possessed many qualities to win a young girl's heart — particularly such a girl as Dorothy, who, in spite of all the repression of her education, possessed an extra share of idealism and romance, mixed with much strength of will and purpose. Patience knew her daughter's character well enough to feel that love was a necessity to its perfection. Then again she could not help saying to herself, "Surely such a face might win any heart."

Few persons who casually met the young Quaker passed her without turning again to look at her sweet beauty; but to those who could watch her, look into her earnest brown eyes, shaded by their long dark lashes — to those who loved her and whom she loved, Dorothy's face was the dearest, most winning face in all the world. She was full of gaiety, admiring all that was beautiful, and, delighting in sweet sounds and gay colours, in which she longed to deck herself. Her life hitherto had been, though happy and contented, quiet to excess. Since she had stayed a few days at Fryston with her sister, she had felt much more curiosity about the world beyond her own home. She was not quite certain she felt so thankful, as her father daily expressed himself, that the world was unknown to him and his family. She would have liked rather to see a little more of it; but perhaps all this was wrong. So she checked the natural desire one minute only to renew her wandering into some fresh subject the next, until she was lost in dreams of a world fashioned after her own young imagination — a sweet garden of Eden all roses and rose-coloured.

#### CHAPTER II.

#### "LIKE THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS IN THE FAIRY TALES."

As Captain Verschoyle walked through the busy streets, after leaving Nathaniel Fox's shop, he felt that though the cool summer air fanned his hot head, it sent a shiver through the rest of his body. Still he thought it would be better to walk for a little distance than to ride at once; so he proceeded at a tolerably brisk pace until he came to the little toll-gate, from which he could see the hospital, though how to get to it did not exactly occur to him.

"Why, sir!" replied the toll-man, in an-

swer to his inquiry, "you've come a brave bit out of your way. You should have gone up Eldad-hill, and round by No-place; but there — your leg ain't in a sling, though your arm may be, so ten minutes one way or t'other won't make much odds. You go straight on till you come to a little gate, and then through the path, on to the posts, through they, and up a lane, past the Rectory, and up another lane, and there you be with the gates right before you. You can't miss it, if you mind what I've told you."

The consequence of this direction was that the young man did not find the gates right before him until the heavy dews were falling thick and wetting the grass he was obliged to walk through. The old doctor shook his head at him, and advised him to get off to bed as soon as possible. Captain Verschoyle stoutly held to it that he should be all right by the morning, and able to go out the next day — when it had been decided he should have his discharge. Yet the next discharging day to that went by and found him still an inmate of the hospital, suffering from another feverish attack, which, though slight, had kept him from joining his mother and sisters at Exeter, and going with them to Shilston Hall, as he had previously arranged to do. This fresh illness had upset all his plans, and now it would be quite another week before he could leave the hospital. No wonder, then, he was sitting rather ruefully when his man brought him this letter: —

"MY DEAR CHARLIE,

"It is some days since we heard from you, and I cannot help thinking you are worse than you say. You do not know how I long to see you, nor how disappointed I was to find you were not at Exeter to meet us. As we have old Marshall with us, I have begged mamma to let her go with me to see you, and she has consented. So I am coming, and you may expect me to-morrow. You dear old thing! I hope you are not really worse, and that you will be glad to see your loving sister,

"AUDREY."

"Bless her heart!" exclaimed Captain Verschoyle; "glad to see her, I should think I should be, for I began to feel as if my coming home couldn't make much difference to any one."

"Here, Hallett!" to his servant, "I expect a lady to see me; go down to the gates and watch for a cab driving up, and when they ask for me, tell Miss Verschoyle you are my servant waiting to show her the way to my quarters; but first, just see all straight here."

"Yes, sir;" and the man left, and his

master drew a chair to the window where he might be able to catch a momentary glimpse of his visitors before they entered the building. Everything looked very much brighter than it had done an hour before. It was so pleasant to know somebody was coming who would make him feel he was at home again. Why, except that good motherly shopkeeper and her pretty daughter, no woman had spoken to him since his return; and then he smiled to himself to think how, through the dreams resulting from the drugged sleep and subsequent wanderings of the fever, he had been haunted by the quaint grey figure. "I suppose," he thought, "the brain is acted upon by its last vivid impression. Well! I'm glad mine was such a pleasant one, for the child was very pretty,—not a bit like the mother. Past two o'clock. I hope nothing has prevented Audrey coming, I should be so disappointed." But before he had time for more reflection he heard a rustle, a sound of voices, the door was thrown open, and his sister had her arms round his neck.

"Oh, how good it is to feel you are safe back once more!" she exclaimed after a few moments; then giving him another great hug, "I did not know I loved you so much, Charlie, until I thought we might never meet again. Now, let me have a good look at you. Well, you are thin and pale of course, but you are just as good-looking as ever."

Captain Verschoyle laughed. "You are just the same, Audrey, thinking of good looks at once. I verily believe if I was going to execution you would be anxious that my personal appearance should be all you desire."

"Of course I should. Why, what have we to trade upon but our family and good looks? And now tell me about my own appearance: I'm dying to hear. I have not fallen off?"

"You peacock!" exclaimed her brother, "you know you are as handsome as ever. How is it you are not married?"

"Ah, the universal question!" she replied. "Because—because—because I am not; but don't look so grave, for I am seriously thinking of it, and am busy weaving a snare into which my bird will most certainly fall. Why I am eight-and-twenty, Charles,—an awful age for a spinster. You cannot imagine my feelings every time I see Aunt Spencer, and hear her invariably, 'Audrey, my dear, excuse my saying it, but it's quite time you were married.' And then people are beginning to appeal to my memory in the most inconvenient man-

ner, saying, 'You must remember that, Miss Verschoyle; it isn't more than ten years ago since it happened.' Why do we ever grow old, Charlie? It does not matter for men, but for women, oh dear, dear! However, mamma has a splendid scheme on hand,—a millionaire for me, and an heiress for you; and I'm sure *you'll* succeed, for nothing wins a woman's heart like a warrior bold, pale and wounded."

"Well, I'm glad you have settled my fate for me," said Captain Verschoyle, "for I'm thoroughly home-sick, and want to settle down. So as long as I have no trouble in the matter, I'm prepared to go in and win; that is, if she's anything decent, hasn't a hump, or a squint, and isn't forty."

"Oh, no! she's very nice," replied Audrey, "and is young and foolish. The latter may be a recommendation. And now to tell you all about mamma. First and foremost, she sent you her dearest love and a kiss, then she desired you would have camphor put among your clothes for fear of bringing home infection; next, that nothing but her wretched health and weak nerves prevented her coming to see you; and lastly, she begs you will have your hair cut at once, or it may fall off and leave you prematurely bald."

Captain Verschoyle smiled, saying, "Ah, I see you go on as usual! How is the old lady?"

"Why a great deal better than she would be if she heard her beloved son inquire after her by that opprobrious title. Yes, we squabble, and I am rude, and penitent, just as I used to be, and get caressed and appealed to in public and scolded and snubbed in private. But it really is more my fault than hers. I did not want to go to Shilston Hall, but to come on here to you. However, mamma said she could not afford it, though it would not have cost much. I detest Shilston, and the Brocklehursts are such a set—every one of them possessed of an entire and peculiar meanness, and each trying for the old lady's money by setting her against the rest of the competitors. One of the most powerful arguments in my favour was, that I had had a tilt with her, and I told mamma a day's absence was the only chance I had left. That reminds me I must call Marshall in and decide about the train to return by."

"Return," echoed Captain Verschoyle. "Why must you go back? I cannot get away from here for four days, and if we could spend them together it would be quite a holiday; and this is such a pretty place. Hallett could get lodgings for you and Marshall close by, and I can get out all day.

"What do you say? Would you mind staying?"

"Mind it!" said Audrey, "why I should like it of all things, but how can we manage it? Shall we call Marshall in and hear her ideas? I left her in the next room." So she opened the door and admitted Marshall, a small thin woman, who had been Audrey's maid since she was a child, and therefore knew Captain Verschoyle well enough to shake his hand and heartily hope he was gaining strength. After the due inquiries had been made, Audrey told her the plan they had in view.

"Now, Mrs. M., give me the benefit of your wise head, and tell me what's the best thing to do."

"Well, Miss, what have you made up your mind to do?" said Marshall.

"Why, to stay, of course," replied her mistress, "only mamma is sure to object, you know; so how can we manage?"

"Well, Miss, thinking if Captain Charles was very ill you might remain, I'm prepared with your bag for one night; after that I suppose I must go back to Shilston for some more things, though I know her ladyship will be terribly put out with me."

"I have it," exclaimed Captain Verschoyle. "I will send Hallett off by the next train, telling mamma I won't let you go, and that she must let you stay, or I shall never get well; that I will take care of you, see you are comfortably lodged, and pay all the expenses."

This plan meeting with universal approbation, Hallett was called to receive his orders; and during the two hours he had to spare before starting he was desired to take Mrs. Marshall and seek lodgings in the village close by. Captain Verschoyle went to see what arrangements he could make for giving them some refreshments, and Audrey was left to herself.

She took a survey of the room, opened a book or two lying on the table, and then stood at the window looking at the picturesque Dutch sort of view of the neighbouring town. Was it because in this scantily furnished room there was nothing to arrest attention, that Audrey Verschoyle looked such a striking object? No. Had you seen her surrounded by luxury and magnificence, it would have been the same. She possessed a something that, no matter where she was or in what company, you singled her out, and wondered who she could be. Not that she was particularly beautiful. Indeed, many laughed when they heard her good looks brought forward as a reason for the attention she received,

notwithstanding her wonderful eyes, and tall, graceful figure. After you had talked to her, however, you were generally fascinated. She seemed to speak and move exactly as you desired — to satisfy your admiration, and make you constantly think she was the most elegant woman you had ever seen. But one thing struck every one: that she must always have been a woman, never a girl with thoughtless winning ways, never a child with gleeful boisterous mirth. Yes, Audrey was always a thorough-bred, self-possessed woman, who studied every art by which she could make herself fascinating, who valued without overrating each attraction she commanded, and who could give her rivals all credit for the charms they possessed, inasmuch as she exactly estimated her own power to compete with them. Her sprightly wit made her a delightful companion, and after she had been amusing you through a long conversation, her tact would cause you to leave feeling that she had been equally interested and was as sorry to part from you as you were to go from her. Notwithstanding all this, many a man and woman who had been perfectly fascinated by Audrey Verschoyle sighed when she left them — sighed to think what a sacrifice of happiness these perfections had cost her — felt sure that times often came when she wearily longed for the great happiness without which all women's lives must be crownless — some one to love. Not to love *her* alone, for many a heart had been offered to her, but some one to whose love her own heart could respond. She used to say, "Love, you know, is a luxury for the rich and poor only; we who stand on middle ground must be content to live without it." And apparently she had contrived to live without it happily enough. She had had her disappointments — elder sons who had seemed secured had suddenly succeeded to some country hoyden or beauty fresh from the school-room; rich bachelors who, on the very eve of triumph, had taken fright and flight and so kept their liberty; wealthy old men whom death had snatched from their would-be bride. Still Audrey carried all off with a high hand, openly expressing her disappointment and chagrin, always laughingly saying, "People should marry for what they value most, and I value nothing so much as fine houses, and carriages, and clothes, money and position; and as fate has ordained that these good things shall not be my portion during my single state, why I must try and get them by my own exertions, and I appreciate them so thoroughly that I am certain to make an excel-



lent wife to whoever is good enough to bestow any or all upon me."

Perhaps there was some excuse for Miss Verschoyle's love of money, for ever since she could remember, it had been the thing lamented and longed for at home. Colonel Verschoyle was a younger son of a very good family. He had been brought up in luxury, so that extravagance was habit to him. He spent every farthing of his rather liberal allowance on himself. He went into the best society, mixed with people who either had large incomes, or lived as if they had them, went wherever it was the fashion to go, did whatever it was the fashion to do, and one season, it being the fashion to fall in love, fell in love with Lady Laura Granville. He proposed to her and was accepted. Lady Laura had always been allowed to have her own way, and she would not be ruled in the choice of a husband. She had no idea of the value of money, and as she saw Colonel Verschoyle could supply all his own wants, she thought he would be able to give her all she had been accustomed to. Her father the more readily yielded to her wishes, from the fact that a failure on the turf had ruined him and made it highly desirable that he should speedily break up his establishment and retire abroad. After their marriage, notwithstanding they both talked a great deal of the economy they intending practising, each felt it very hard to make any the least personal sacrifice. Colonel Verschoyle did not find domestic happiness a sufficient compensation for the horses he had to give up, or the club he could no longer afford to belong to: and Lady Laura, in her turn, yawned and felt weary at the end of a quiet *tele-a-tele* evening, on which she had been obliged to send a refusal to some dinner party or ball, because another new dress could not be afforded. As time went on the birth of a son and daughter increased their expenses; and the struggle to compete and keep up an appearance due to the set in which they mixed became more apparent and irksome, leading to constant bickerings between the husband and wife. Charles had seen little of this, being at school during his boyhood, and then going at once into the army; but Audrey had felt it bitterly, had seen with the keenness of a child's intuitive sense of fairness how selfish her father often was, and how deceitful her mother proved to be. Regarding the want of money as the cause of all this evil, she determined at a very early age, that when she entered into the world, wealth should be her chief object.

"I have mamma's experience before

me," she used to say; "hers was a love-match, and it proves that love without money *cannot* give happiness; but money without love, though it may not give happiness, can give many things which enable you to bear your life very contentedly."

Colonel Verschoyle had been dead ten years, and Lady Laura's income as a widow was tolerably good, or would have been, had she been contented to live quietly without straining to give the world an impression that she possessed double the sum she had. The fact that Audrey was still unmarried was a sore disappointment to her mother, and every year her mortification increased. She detested girls who had the slightest pretensions to beauty, and if she could insidiously depreciate any one whom she regarded as her daughter's rival, she never missed an opportunity of doing so. This weakness in turn annoyed and amused Audrey, who with all her failings had not a trace of meanness. She delighted in a thrust-and-parry encounter with any girl whose object in life she considered to be the same as her own; and as long as they were together, often tipped her arrows with a little covert lady-like venom. But let them part, and her rival was quite safe from Audrey; and woe betide the man who, presuming on the too frequent foible of a woman, presented her with a dish of flattery at her adversary's expense, or, while paying her a string of compliments, depreciated the absent one's recognized advantages.

Lady Laura was as selfish with her children as she had been with her husband. Audrey might positively refuse to go somewhere, or to do something on which Lady Laura had set her heart, but, as she said, "she had always in the end to give in to mamma;" for when argument and threats failed, Lady Laura had her delicate health and shattered nerves to fall back upon; and they were the result, according to herself, of a life devoted to her ungrateful daughter. Her great love was centred in Charles; she seemed to look upon the two from perfectly distinct points. Her son had been given her to love; her daughter had been given her to marry. True, even her love for him could not overcome her rooted dread of infection: gladly would she have gone to him, but the very name of hospital conjured up horrid visions of fever and smallpox; and though she had, after much pleading and entreaty, allowed Audrey to go to see her brother, she was terrified she might catch some of those horrid complaints during her visit; and, as she put it, "a serious illness at Audrey's age would blight her prospects



for ever, ruin her complexion and her hair, and make her look quite plain and old; and then, perhaps, she'd become a district visitor or a sister of mercy, for there was no knowing what peculiar things girls would consider their vocation when all their good looks had vanished." So she began to heartily regret she had let Audrey go, and to half wish she had gone herself and seen after her dear boy. Miss Brocklehurst comforted her by saying that Audrey had considerably raised herself in her opinion, and if she considered it right to stay with her brother instead of returning for the bazaar and flower-show, *she* would see that she was not a loser in the end. This declaration from a lady who, as compensation for all the caprices and disagreeable humours she saw fit to inflict on her relations, had announced her intention of leaving fifty thousand pounds to the one who treated her best, filled Lady Laura with joy. In her imagination Audrey was already an heiress, spending her income under her mother's sole direction and management. Lady Laura was thus in a frame of mind that made Hallett's task a very easy one. He accordingly left under the impression that Marshall was the most wrong-sighted and prejudiced of her sex, and that "it's no good trying to please women, for anybody who'd call master's mother a dragon of a temper—well! he wished they'd had a taste of two or three of the tempers he had had to put up with in his day."

Before an hour had elapsed Captain Verschoyle had joined his sister, and Marshall had returned to announce that they had found some rooms which would suit them in Paradise Row, close by; and if they liked, that the landlady would see about getting them a substantial tea at once.

"Oh! that would be much nicer, Charles, than having anything here; and as it will be quite early, we can take a stroll or drive together after."

Captain Verschoyle being no longer under strict surveillance as an invalid, soon made the necessary arrangements for going out. Hallett received his orders and departed for Shilston, laden with messages and instructions from Marshall, and two notes from his master, one to Lady Laura and the other to her hostess and cousin Miss Brocklehurst. Marshall hurried away to give all necessary instructions about the tea, and the brother and sister leisurely followed, pleasantly chatting together.

Audrey laughed incredulously at her brother's desire for home and quiet. "Why,

my dear Charlie, your state is really a most dangerous one. It would take very little to make you fall romantically in love with some charming creature (who of course would not have a penny), and to imagine you could spend the rest of your life lapped in the delights of domestic felicity and the luxuries which eight hundred pounds a-year would give you. Mamma's heiress will prove an interposition of Providence—she is just the girl for you to meet in a country house in your present frame of mind—she is so pale and fragile looking. Then, from having had every other want supplied, love is sure to be the one wish of her life; she will adore you, and you will gracefully consent to be worshipped; she will beg you to accept her fortune, calling it a cipher compared with the treasure you have given her in your love. And you will accept her fifty thousand pounds, and while pressing her to your heart, lament she is not penniless that you might show her your disinterested love is for herself alone."

"Most dramatically drawn," laughed Captain Verschoyle, "and not altogether an unpleasing picture, for even now I should require little short of an angel to reconcile me to love in a cottage on a limited income; so may your foreshadowings prove true, sister of mine. Oh! here is Marshall. I suppose we have reached our destination."

They turned into the open gate, and followed Marshall into the house and up the stairs to an old-fashioned bow-windowed drawing-room, the ornaments of which seemed collected from every quarter of the globe. There were dangerous weapons of savage life, dainty carvings and grotesque josses, curious shells, gaudy feather flowers, cases of stuffed tropical birds, and rare China bowls and vases—all contrasting oddly with the well-worn carpet and somewhat over substantially made furniture. The table was set out for tea with whatever could be procured for an impromptu meal. Altogether the meal looked quaint and homely, and quite different from anything Audrey had ever seen.

"I hope, Miss," said the smiling, good-natured looking landlady, "you'll try and make yourself comfortable, and ask for everything you want, and tell me all you don't like, and then we shall soon know each other's ways."

"Thank you," said Audrey; then throwing herself into a chair, she exclaimed, "For four days, farewell to all my greatness! I intend forgetting the world and

everybody it contains but you, Charlie, and we'll try and be like the prince and princess in the fairy tales, 'as happy as the days are long.'

### CHAPTER III.

#### AT KING'S-HEART.

IN quiet lives simple occurrences become great events; and so it was that Dorothy Fox dwelt more than most girls might have done on the adventure of the day before. Naturally she desired to know if the handsome young soldier had quite recovered; and this led to wondering where he lived, and whether she should ever see him again. Then the wounded arm spun a web entirely on its own account, telling its tale of Russians and Zouaves; echoing the names Alma, Inkerman, Sebastopol; names that recalled deeds, the fame of which could not be shut out even from the ears of the peace-loving Quaker. Notwithstanding all she had heard against fighting, a halo would throw itself over a wounded hero, and when she sat down to write her diurnal letter to her mother, it seemed a task to give a plain unvarnished statement of such an interesting circumstance. She determined, therefore, to tell her only the facts that a young man had come into the shop, and had fainted, but that by Judith's care he recovered, and, after resting, was able to walk home. The details she would give to her mother when she returned. And as the return was to be on the following day, Dorothy employed herself in scanning the flower-beds, re-arranging the pots in the various stands, and redusting the already speckless furniture.

All was ready by the next evening, and six o'clock saw Dorothy standing in the garden, waiting to catch sound of the wheels which would tell her that old Rowe, with his white horse fly, was bringing the expected travellers slowly home. The sun had nearly lost its power, and twilight would soon gather slowly over the fair prospect. Already the distant hills were preparing to enshroud themselves in their blue misty coverings. Everything seemed hushed and peaceful, and the harmony between the low, ivy-covered house, the trim garden with its yew hedge screening the view of the high road, and the young girl in her grey, old-world dress, was complete. You might have fancied you had gone back to the days succeeding those when the first Charles held his court at a house close by, and had come to this very place to visit its loyal owner, "who, in memory of the spot on which the king had stood, planted a yew

tree, which he cut in fashion of a heart, and to this day King's-heart is the name the house goes by."

Wheels! And this time instead of going on, they come nearer and nearer, only stopping in front of the gate, which Dorothy quickly opens, feeling a desire to throw her arms round her mother's neck and kiss her twenty times. But her father, she knows, would not approve of any such display of affection, so she stands quietly, with beaming eyes of love, waiting for them to descend. Then they exchange a quiet, sober, but warm greeting, and go into the house, quite ready to enjoy the substantial supper which Dorothy has provided for them.

When supper is over, the conversation flows more readily, although the two great points of interest—Elizabeth Spark's wedding, and Josiah Crewdson's visit—have to be deferred until Dorothy is alone with her mother. In the meantime she answers the questions relating to the household and the garden, tells them who she saw at meeting on First-day, and who gave the discourse; and is in her turn informed of all that happened at Exeter during the stay her father and mother made there. Then they show her the presents they have brought home, and finding among them one for Judith, Dorothy runs off to look for her old nurse, who is waiting to see master and mistress, to give an account of all the proceedings of the Plymouth establishment during their absence.

Patience's eyes followed her daughter's retreating figure, and turning to her husband, she said—

"I have seen no one to compare with our child in sweetness since we have been away. I hope I am not too greatly set upon her, Nathaniel."

"No, Patience, no," replied her husband, whose voice seemed always softer when he addressed his wife; "I believe thou hast towards her only the love of a fond mother—though," he added, smiling, "certainly one of thy greatest failings is letting thy love make thee somewhat blind to people's shortcomings."

Patience gave an involuntary sigh, which, seeing her husband had noticed, she explained by saying, "I feel such a shrinking when the thought that I may perhaps soon lose her comes across me."

"Thou must not call giving her to Josiah Crewdson losing her, Patience," replied Nathaniel, with a tinge of reproach in his look as well as in his voice. "I only earnestly trust I may live to see her united to a man who, I believe, is worthy of her, and of being a champion in this cause of uphold-

ing our principles against those who, while they are Friends in name, are foes to the society they should defend and honour. I have more pleasure in looking forward to giving Dorothy to Josiah Crewdson, than I had to giving Grace to John Hanbury."

"Dear Grace!" said Patience: "I wish that she and John saw things more as thou would have them do; but I feel sure Grace never allows that in which her conscience condemns her."

"Ah! the devil can make a conscience very elastic, Patience. Once let him get the smallest entrance into the heart, and he will soon fill it and the mind with a love of his snares and besetments."

"I hope Dorothy may like Josiah," said Patience, pursuing the subject which was uppermost in her mind.

"Of course, she will like him," returned Nathaniel, growing impatient. "Why should she not? An excellent young man, whom we have all known from his childhood. I trust that my daughter has been too well brought up not to be greatly guided in her choice of a husband by the knowledge that he has the approbation of her father." Then seeing a troubled expression on Patience's face, he patted her hand, saying, "Be very sure, love will come, wife, love will come."

"I trust so, for without it marriage must be a dreary bondage of mind and body. Two people may honour, obey, and respect each other, but if love is not present to make them one — oh! husband can you not say, 'I pity them.'"

Before Nathaniel could reply, Dorothy returned, asking if Judith might come in and see them. Permission being given, the old servant was soon interesting them in accounts of the orders Mark had taken, and how many times he had been away to Tavistock, Totnes, and other places.

After this Nathaniel went out to speak to the gardener, and then Judith entered upon gossip of a more domestic character, until, having exhausted her stock, she suddenly exclaimed, "Did ye tell the mistress about the young soldier, dear, and his fainting off dead in the shop, just as luck would have it, when I'd run out to tell Mary Dawe about Friday's cleaning; such a woman as she is with her tongue, which once set clacking, and I'd like to see the one who'd get in a word on the blade of a knife. However, I was soon back, or I don't know what the poor child would have done."

"Ah! thou did mention something of the sort, Dorothy, but how did it happen, and what brought him to the shop?"

Hereupon Judith and Dorothy related

the whole circumstance. "And, mother," said Dorothy, "Judith is quite offended with him because he took her for thee, and when he left desired his thanks and his card to be given to her."

"Hush, now!" exclaimed Judith; "it is too bad to bring that up against him. The truth is, his poor head was so dazed he couldn't tell cockles from corn."

"I almost wish thou hadst heard where he lived," remarked Patience, "that Mark might have inquired whether he reached home in safety. These sudden attacks of faintness are very alarming. What was his name?"

"Captain Charles Egerton Verschoyle was on the card," answered Dorothy.

"Oh! then he was not a working-man," replied her mother.

"Working man!" echoed Judith, "indeed he had the bearing of a lord, and the step of a drum-major as he walked down the street. 'Twas his looks made me wonder what I'd best do with him."

"I am glad thou let thy kind heart decide for thee, Judith," said her mistress; "the day must never come when any one, gentle or simple, in want or need, turns from Nathaniel Fox's door. Remember the spirit of true charity has dwelt in that house for many generations. But here comes thy father. It is time for reading, so call Lydia and Anne, and get the books, Dorothy."

The maids came in, and the family, after sitting silent for a short time, listened attentively while Nathaniel Fox read the evening portion to them. To have merely looked in upon such a scene would have sent a peaceful feeling over a troubled, world-weary life.

Although it was not quite dark the lamp was lighted and placed before the reader, thus making him the most striking object, and throwing out his face and figure. Nathaniel Fox was a tall well-made man of nearly sixty years. His face was grave and almost stern in its expression. His disposition was naturally genial and cheerful, and he enjoyed a joke, or quick repartee, more than he would have cared to own. His family had belonged to the Society of Friends for many generations. His father had commenced life as a woollen-draper, and by his frugal habits and patient industry had so increased his business that he amassed a considerable fortune, which was inherited by his only son. Nathaniel had been sent to York school and kept there until he was fifteen, at which age he was considered to be duly educated and ready to learn the business. He never left home,

settled early in life, and succeeded to a larger income than, with his quiet habits, he had any means or desire of spending. As time rolled on, his little peculiarities naturally became enlarged, his opinion that his own views were right became confirmed, and his toleration to those who differed from him got narrowed. Of the world he was literally ignorant, although by his warnings and exhortations against its snares and follies one might have fancied he had run the gauntlet of every temptation. So it was that this simple pure-minded man, to whom the truth was a law he never knowingly broke, took the most one-sided view of things which, if he could have seen them in their true light, he would have upheld and enjoyed. No rigid fanatic ever stood by a dictum more staunchly than did Nathaniel Fox advocate every principle enjoined by the Society of Friends. The diminishing of the height of his collar, or the narrowing of the brim of his hat by one fraction of an inch would have been considered, by this worthy man, a grave offence. He never seemed to consider that though people might in most cases indulge in "plainness of speech and behaviour," without much personal inconvenience, plainness of dress entailed great trouble and expense. If Nathaniel wanted a hat or coat, he could not obtain such articles to his satisfaction in Plymouth; he had to apply to some maker for the brotherhood residing in Exeter or London. A new bonnet for Patience cost more trouble to obtain than any lady of fashion went through to secure the newest style from Paris. Still nothing would have induced Nathaniel to adopt any

other dress than that which he had been brought up to consider as the only proper one for a consistent Friend. Certainly he had so far departed from the practice of his forefathers as not to insist upon mounting a cocked hat with the brim fastened up to the crown with cord; neither did he consider it incumbent upon him to confine himself entirely to drab. But his neck was ever enveloped in the whitest of cravats, tied with exquisite neatness, and his drab breeches and gaiters as well as his black swallow-tailed straight-collared coat were made of the finest West of England cloth.

Nathaniel had been married twice, his first wife having died soon after the birth of their daughter Grace, who, having mixed greatly with her mother's family, had formed opinions and ideas which differed considerably from those held by her father.

Patience, his second wife, was the daughter of a wealthy tea-merchant of York. Her education had been more liberal than that of her husband, over whom she exercised a more decided sway than she ever named or he ever knew. They were very opposite in character and disposition, but their love to each other was devoted and unmistakable. From her mother, Dorothy inherited her fair face and delicate features. Patience had been a beauty, and those who knew her, thought she had lost but little of her charms. She was the friend of all around her, rejoicing in their happiness and prosperity, comforting them in sorrow and adversity, and giving to them in her own life a perfect example of each womanly grace and virtue.

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SOUTHEY'S "Life of Wesley" rather awoke interest than satisfied it. A few weeks ago we noticed that the Rev. J. B. Wakeley was engaged on a life, but it turns out to be a mere scraping together of anecdotes, with an introduction by the Rev. Dr. M'Clintock. However, Miss Julia Wedgwood is preparing a life of John Wesley, in one volume; and Mr. Denny Umlin has "just ready" a work on Wesley's place in Church History, which the author hopes he has settled by aid of facts and documents hitherto unknown or neglected.

Athenaeum.

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and having perforations in it. A rubber-tube extends from one side of the bit to the carriage, and by pressing a rubber-bag which contains water, the driver is enabled to refresh his horse whenever he chooses without stopping. For saddle-horses the water-bag is suspended from the horse's neck or upon the pommel of the saddle.

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THE Ottoman Government propose to devote the sum of 10,000*l.* a year to the translation of European works into Turkish. Unfortunately, this has often been talked of; but the necessities of the budget generally suppress the grant and but little is applied, chiefly to military, naval and medical works.

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A PATENT has recently been granted in America for a method of refreshing horses while in harness, which consists in making the bit hollow,

From The "Independent Section" of the Westminster Review

## AMERICAN CLAIMS ON ENGLAND.

THE writer of this article having recently visited the United States, and enjoyed the privilege of conversing on a footing of intimacy with American citizens of every profession and position, from Maine to Virginia, and from New York to San Francisco, has gathered many valuable particulars bearing on the dispute with regard to the *Alabama* claims. What passed in the course of all or any of these conversations it would be discourteous and unpardonable to state in detail. But it involves no breach of private confidence, nor can it fairly be termed a work of pure supererogation, to examine the whole subject in the light of the information thus acquired. There are few who would not rejoice if, through the greater diffusion of knowledge, any practical suggestions could be made for a settlement of this painful controversy. The English people are bewildered as to what the Americans desire. By the Americans this bewilderment is mistaken for reluctance to do them justice. Both nations are the victims of a mutual misunderstanding. No valid and lasting settlement of their differences can be made, until the whole case shall have been distinctly stated, and dispassionately considered.

President Grant's message to Congress contains an explicit declaration of his opinion with regard to the claims made by America. Approving of the rejection of the Convention which Reverdy Johnson negotiated, the President is in favour of a reconsideration of the subject, with a view to the conclusion of a final and amicable arrangement. But rather than be a party to a half measure, he would prefer that the controversy should remain in abeyance. He emphatically declares that no terms will be conclusive which fail to propitiate the offended sovereignty of the American people.

That the President should have adverted to the subject, or that his utterances should have been shaped in this particular form, has excited some surprise in this country, and has been made the ground of several protests. Many persons among us cannot bear to hear the subject mentioned; they refuse to give a thought to its reconsideration. They maintain that the dispute has been virtually determined in our favour; that instead of the Americans having claims upon us, we have a right to an apology for the manner in which the Convention was treated by their Senate, but that the question had better be let alone, and quietly al-

lowed to lapse into the limbo of exhausted controversies. Such an attitude in the presence of a great problem which is pregnant with a great danger, is neither creditable to us nor worthy of reflecting men. The nation which deliberately adopts the policy of the ostrich will inevitably meet the ostrich's fate. To bequeath the *Alabama* claims to the next generation, would be equivalent to transmitting to our children a legacy fraught with dire misfortune and innumerable woes.

While the war between the Southern and Northern States was at its height, Mr. Seward, then Secretary of State, frequently complained in official despatches of the partiality for the South exhibited by many persons throughout the United Kingdom. He specifically denounced the conduct of the authorities with respect to the *Alabama* and kindred ships. When the war ended, he demanded compensation at the hands of our Government for losses sustained by the mercantile marine of the United States. The career of the *Alabama* and of other vessels sailing under the Confederate flag had not only given umbrage to the American people, but was a scandal to civilization itself. American merchantmen were captured, pillaged, and set on fire in every quarter of the globe. The commerce of the United States was in part driven from the sea, and in part transferred to other channels. The bill of costs for this was forwarded to our Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. Lord Russell, who then filled that post, not only declined to receive the application, but couched his refusal to entertain it in no very polished phrase. Speaking on behalf of this country, he disclaimed all responsibility for the damage done. Though his rejection of the claims was sharp and summary, yet it was not decisive. Lord Russell's peremptoriness was matched by Mr. Seward's obstinacy. The English Minister declared he would not yield an inch, while the American Minister as confidently declared that England would in the long run be compelled to give the ell for which he sued.

When a change of Ministry occurred, and Earl Russell was succeeded at the Foreign Office by Lord Stanley, a renewed application for redress was made. The new Foreign Minister proved himself far more amenable to argument than his predecessor, and it seemed as if a path out of the maze had been found at last. At this juncture, Mr. Adams, who with marked ability and rare tact had represented the United States in this country during many



years, resigned his office, and returned home. After a little delay, his successor was nominated by the President, and the appointment was confirmed by the Senate. Mr. Reverdy Johnson, on whom the choice fell, was a man of ripe experience, and a Senator whom his colleagues held in high esteem. Throughout the country he was known and honoured as an eminent member of the legal profession, as a polished gentleman, as a man of unblemished life, lofty character, and large culture. The appointment gave general satisfaction. For once, the President, who was in direct antagonism to the dominant party, received compliments on all sides for having made a selection alike suitable and wise. To mark their respect for Mr. Reverdy Johnson, his political opponents in the Senate abstained from voting against him, and the world was apprised that the Senators had ratified his appointment by a unanimous vote. The writer has been informed that this outward unanimity was not considered by the Senators unfriendly to the President as in any way cramping their freedom of action towards the policy of his nominee. This is doubtless correct. Yet of this neither the English nor the American public was made aware at the time. Nor was it wonderful that the English public should have been deceived by appearances. The memorable action of the Senate met with no disapproval, and excited no protests. All the external indications were favourable to the newly-appointed Minister. His praises were in every mouth; his abilities were extolled to the skies. Before his departure, he made a speech at a dinner given in his honour, in which he emphatically declared, amid applause, that his mission was that of a peacemaker, that he went forth with the earnest desire to become the instrument of restoring and cementing perfect concord between America and England. The leading newspapers approved of his pacific sentiments, and wished him God-speed on his important and responsible errand.

Not long after landing on English soil, Mr. Reverdy Johnson became the most popular American Minister ever entrusted with a mission to this country. Many able distinguished men had preceded him. They had discharged their duties with zeal and success; but they had never become the favourites of the multitude. They were ready to partake of sumptuous banquets in the gilded saloons of the rich and titled, but they persistently held aloof from the humbler gatherings of the middle and poorer class. Mr. Reverdy Johnson pursued a different course. He readily ac-

cepted invitations to the tables of the great, and he cheerfully attended and presided over meetings of working men. For every one with whom he came in contact he had a kindly word. To all he willingly extended the right hand of fellowship. As the representative of a republican nation, he conducted himself with republican frankness, treating accidental distinctions of class and artificial divisions of caste as of no account in his eyes. In demeanour he was the least aristocratic American Minister who ever mixed in English society. In manner he was the type of a polished yet thorough-going republican.

The affability of Mr. Reverdy Johnson took the nation by surprise. He said courteous and friendly things when he was expected to give utterance to imperative and exorbitant demands. The result was that towards him personally a feeling of goodwill soon took possession of the people at large. Popular sentiment being conspicuously enlisted in his favour, his path as a diplomatist was made very smooth. A desire was universally expressed to meet him more than half way, to be ungrudging in according his claims, to be unhesitating in concluding the bargain he proposed. In consequence of this manifestation of sympathy, Lord Stanley yielded point after point, with the approval of the press and the representatives of both political parties. When the Convention was finally framed, it was simply a dispatch from Mr. Seward in another form. Everything that Mr. Reverdy Johnson claimed had been conceded. A great deal of dignity was sacrificed with a view to insure a happy issue. Lord Stanley seemed laudably anxious to gain the credit of terminating a dispute which Earl Russell had prolonged and envenomed, and thus enable his party to boast that the alliance with America which was endangered during the sway of the Liberals, had been rendered stronger than ever owing to the sensible action of the Tories. He did not remain in office long enough to carry out this programme, and thus reach the goal of his ambition. Yet Lord Clarendon did not repudiate or undo his work. The Convention which the Tories had begun the Liberals completed, to the entire satisfaction of the parties directly concerned. Nothing was wanting but the formal assent of the Senate of the United States.

While the negotiations were being brought to the desired termination in England, an agitation, hostile alike to the envoy and his work, was in progress among his countrymen. The press of every loyal State and Territory in the Union vilified

Mr. Reverdy Johnson with a vehemence of language which boded ill for his success as a negotiator. Mr. Seward was not allowed to go scot free, while President Johnson was stigmatized as a traitor. The President had made himself obnoxious to the majority by pertinaciously advocating and imposing a policy which he lauded as constitutional, and which his adversaries regarded with aversion, because, in their opinion, it was wholly incompatible with the just government of the country and the due administration of the law. Having been impeached, he narrowly escaped conviction. Though technically absolved from the high crimes and misdemeanours with which he was charged, he was yet a marked man, deemed unworthy of his trust and undeserving of honour. Had the Convention settling the *Alabama* claims been ratified during his administration, his name would have lived in history as that of the Chief Magistrate who had been instrumental in terminating one of the most thorny diplomatic controversies in which the United States had ever engaged.

This consideration may have exercised a considerable weight with the majority of the Senators. Other influences operated in the same direction. The people made their desires felt in a manner not to be misunderstood or resisted. They were enraged at the course pursued by Mr. Reverdy Johnson. They believed that he had basely truckled to England. They repudiated the genial speeches which he made as their representative. If they did not hate the land of their ancestors, they then cherished no love for England and the English. The flattering phrases which he lavished indiscriminately, the affection which he manifested for the country to which he was accredited, appeared hollow mockeries to a people in whose minds the memories of taunts uttered by the English press, and calumnies repeated with unconcealed delight by members of the English aristocracy, still rankled and burned. Correspondents of American newspapers did not labour to soothe the ruffled feelings of their readers in the States. On the contrary, the most irritating words of Mr. Reverdy Johnson were chronicled, and rendered still more insulting by the addition of aggravating particulars. No allowance was made for the exigencies of the Minister's position, not a hint was vouchsafed to the effect that much of his flattery was uttered as a diplomatist rather than an American. Who can wonder that his speeches, when scanned by patriotic writers, keen to detect shortcomings and merciless towards faults, should

have supplied ample material for denunciations of the speaker and disparagement of his purpose!

When the ferment was at its height a new President was installed in office. On most subjects President Grant had maintained a guarded mien and a judicious silence. But the Convention for the adjustment of the unfriendly relations arising out of the career of the *Alabama* was a conspicuous exception. To his friends and acquaintances he made no secret of his opinions. It was noised abroad that he disapproved of the proposed arrangement, that he considered the proposals which Mr. Reverdy Johnson deemed adequate as wholly contemptible and ludicrously unfair. He desired that reparation should be made to the nation as well as compensation paid to individuals. Regarding England as a wilful wrongdoer, he wished that she should either bear the brunt for her misdeeds, or else make ample atonement for them. These opinions coincided with those held by many of the most influential members of the Senate. When the day arrived for the consideration of the Convention, it was seen that the majority had been deeply impressed and influenced by them. The Convention was rejected with unparalleled ignominy. By virtue of his office as Chairman of the Senate on Foreign Affairs, it devolved on Senator Sumner to justify, while explaining, the course adopted. Senators who heard every speech delivered while the Senate was in secret session, have assured the writer that Mr. Sumner's speech was far from being the most virulent and menacing. Senator Anthony, then President of the Senate, has publicly stated that, in the opinion of others and himself, the speech "was essentially a pacific one." Doubtless, the orator's intention was to promote concord; yet the immediate effect was to excite a storm of indignation. On both sides of the Atlantic, thousands firmly believed that the speech was the forerunner of a declaration of war.

The effect in England was unprecedented. The most pacific looked aghast and prepared for the worst. The consistent sympathizers with America were in dismay, and confessed their inability either to invent a plausible explanation or devise a rational excuse. Men asked each other "What has been done or left undone, that this terrible misapprehension should have occurred?" They knew that whatever was asked on behalf of America had been granted. They believed that everything had been conducted in good faith, and that this country had honestly striven to

give token of a desire to cultivate the friendship of the United States. In their perplexity, they arrived at the conclusion that the American people were not only exacting but incomprehensible; that no possible terms would satisfy them; that no practicable arrangement would receive their sanction. Meanwhile, the American press was in ecstasies over Mr. Sumner's speech, gloried in the decisive and discourteous action of the Senate, and professed to see in the amazement and consternation of Englishmen, either the last act of a cleverly played farce, or a lamentable exhibition of hypocrisy.

A feeling of relief prevailed as week was followed by week and months succeeded each other without a formal rupture taking place between the kindred nations. Yet some time elapsed before the majority entertained no apprehension concerning the final result. On this occasion, as on similar occasions, the forecasters of evil plied a brisk trade. Their lugubrious and ill-omened sayings found general credence. They were listened to with the greater patience, and treated with the greater respect, because they but reflected the general sentiment when professing to hear in the distance the trampling of war-horses and the sounds of armed hosts girding themselves for the fray.

When a nation is angry, its paramount longing is to make an individual responsible for the occurrence which has produced the irritation. Thus it was that Mr. Reverdy Johnson had to suffer for the sins of others, and became the scapegoat of the Administration. A few indiscreet speeches sufficed to render him an object of aversion to the majority of his countrymen. Heated by prejudice, they were incapable of calmly reviewing his career and adequately acknowledging his services. He did not even get the credit he deserved for the two Treaties to which exception could hardly be taken; the Treaty relating to the San Juan dispute, and the Treaty placing the rule as to naturalization on a new and a rational footing.

It is possible that Mr. Sumner resented being treated as a scapegoat, and felt aggrieved at the way in which his speech was received by Englishmen. They charged him with inciting his countrymen to embark in hostilities. His purpose was to render war between the two countries impossible. He was accused of exaggerating the demands of his countrymen, when he was but acting as their spokesman. If he spoke strongly it was because they felt strongly. Taken by itself, Mr. Sumner's speech is a

warlike document. Considered in the light of the circumstances under which it was delivered, it may be called a public warning against a great and imminent peril. At the time that it was read and commented on in England, there were few materials at hand for rightly understanding the import and design of that speech. It can now be examined without risk of exciting prejudices and deepening misunderstanding.

Among the public men of America, there is hardly one who has struggled more ardently and suffered more severely in the cause of universal freedom than Mr. Charles Sumner. In him the Southern slaveholders had an active and uncompromising antagonist. He carried on the war against them in season and out of season, regarding no measures too severe, and thinking no language too extreme, which tended to destroy the accursed system under which human beings were held in bondage because their skin was dark in colour. Once, his life was imperilled on account of the boldness with which he avowed his opinions. He championed the slave at a great risk, and under great difficulties. The majority of his countrymen opposed and detested abolition. The minority, of which he was one of the most trusted chiefs, was regarded as a body of dangerous and unpractical fanatics. What he lost at home he more than gained abroad. By thousands of Englishmen he was looked upon as one who could lay claim to the double honour of being at once an American Wilberforce and an American Fox. For him and for his cause there was a sympathy of which no other American statesman and cause was the recipient and the object. It is not wonderful that, under these circumstances, the admiration which Mr. Sumner felt towards England should have been great and sincere. When the momentous crisis in his country's history was heralded by the bombardment of Fort Sumter, and when the South openly challenged the North to mortal combat for supremacy, there were few whose forecast of the result and whose estimate of the opportunity could compare in precision and correctness with the forecast and estimate of Mr. Sumner. In all his speeches he proclaimed that, whatever might be the immediate issue, the rebellion had sealed the doom of slavery. According to him, the volunteers who went bravely forth to battle for the Union were all, in reality though not in name, anti-slavery crusaders.

Sustained as he had long been by the example and the countenance of English-

men in his struggles with the slave-fiend, it was natural he should expect that, when the monster seemed on the verge of annihilation, England should applaud and sympathize with the endeavours of those who were vigorously fighting the good fight. Unfortunately, the English governing classes forgot their hereditary hatred of slavery in their acquired distaste to Republicanism. When they ought to have rejoiced that the die had been cast, and the emancipation of millions of slaves staked on the certain arbitrament of the sword, they either expressed a disbelief in the capacity of the North to execute its purpose, or else, under the false plea that the Confederates were fighting against tyranny, they sympathized with the efforts of the slaveholders. The revulsion of feeling which the contemplation of this spectacle engendered cannot have tended to render Mr. Sumner perfectly well fitted for weighing the conduct of England with judicial calmness. Bitter disappointment often converts love into aversion. In the case of Mr. Sumner his respect for England probably gave place to detestation at what he conceived to be treachery towards the cause of human freedom.

If this explanation be correct, it is not difficult to understand why, when it fell to Mr. Sumner's lot to become the exponent of his countrymen's feelings, he magnified the case in his anxiety to give full expression to the opinions of the nation. With the skill of a practised rhetorician, and all the resources of a natural orator, he drew an indictment of America against England which had all the appearance and not a little of the effect of a Philippic. Had the tone been less bitter and the statements more balanced the speech would have probably made some English converts to its author's views. To this Mr. Sumner might reply that, as he felt keenly, he was not liable to any blame for having spoken forcibly; and that, however strongly he might have spoken of England, it was for her benefit that she should learn what he held to be the simple truth with regard to her position and conduct during and after the war. Perhaps it is better to say the worst even at the risk of giving offence, than to speak smooth things and nurse enmity.

The speech of Mr. Sumner then must be accepted as the utterance of a very candid friend, and as embodying all the charges which the American people can bring against England. Many points in it are open to criticism; many of the conclusions have been challenged by American jurists; some of the statements are inexact. Still, the delivery and publication of that speech

should not be regretted by the friends of a final settlement of the differences between the two countries. It is true that the convention which Mr. Reverdy Johnson framed and Mr. Seward dictated provided for all the contingencies which might arise, and it is probable that substantial justice would have been wrought under its operation, yet the popular feeling with regard to the attitude of this country during the war would have remained unmodified. Unfortunately for both nations, neither Mr. Seward nor Mr. Reverdy Johnson perfectly understood what their countrymen desired. It is certainly hard that this country should be attacked and maligned because, in America, somebody blundered.

Let the credit of good intentions be unreservedly conceded to Mr. Sumner. We may weigh his arguments even while we quarrel with his phrases and resent his conclusions. His denunciation of England can best be met by a calm protest against the justice of the assumption which forms the basis of his most extreme charges and sweeping demands. According to him, our Government afforded direct aid and countenance to the rebellion by issuing at the outset a proclamation of neutrality, and thereby dowering the South with the rights of a belligerent. Mr. Sumner objects to the Proclamation on the ground that it was prematurely issued; that it was framed and published in order to work mischief; that it rendered England an accomplice in the struggle against the Union. He styles the Proclamation—

“The first stage in the depredations on our commerce. Had it not been made, no rebel ship could have been built in England. Every step in building would have been piracy. Nor could any munitions of war have been furnished. Not a blockade runner, laden with supplies, could have left the English shores under a kindred penalty. The direct consequence of this concession was to place the rebels on an equality with ourselves in all British markets, whether of ships or munitions of war.”

In support of this deduction he cites as authorities the late Lord Brougham and ex-Chancellor Chelmsford. With due respect, we submit that Mr. Sumner has been misled by his authorities. Their opinions are not binding upon us. They do not even merit the notice due to judicial decisions, being uttered during an informal debate in the House of Lords. The proclamation did not either create or confer belligerency; it merely recognized an indisputable fact. If it had never been issued, the facts would have still existed in all their force. In the absence of that document the *Alabama*

would have pursued her scandalous career, and the blockade-runners made their trips without increasing the odium they caused, and without materially altering the position of England.

The scope and purpose of that proclamation have been strangely misapprehended and misrepresented. Instead of conferring a privilege on the South, it really deprived the South of a great hope. To the North it supplied an increase of moral strength. Till the Proclamation had been issued, the official attitude of the Government was undetermined. At any moment the Government might have elected to side either with the North or the South. What the North then desired above all things was to be freed from the apprehension of a foreign state or potentate interfering in what it called its domestic troubles. All dread of unsolicited and unwelcome intervention, the proclamation of neutrality dispelled. What the South desired was the active aid of England and France, and believing cotton to be indispensable to us, the Confederates counted upon our support in order that we might continue to procure cotton from them. The proclamation told them in unmistakable language that this hope was an idle dream. We might have continued to be neutral in the absence of any intimation to that effect. It was for the guidance of the people of England, and for the information of the world at large, that the proclamation was issued. To elevate the issuing of this proclamation into a grievance is to put the case on a wrong footing, to introduce mystification into the transaction, and veil the true point in dispute.

The real and substantial issue is the genuineness of this country's neutrality. Did the Government do its duty without favour or hesitation? Were the complaints of the North listened to patiently, and was redress readily furnished for the injuries sustained? If the affirmative of these questions cannot be sustained by adequate proof, then the United States have been greatly wronged. No Englishman, nor any body of Englishmen, is competent to decide these questions without bias and without provoking obvious and unanswerable retorts. Here it is that arbitration becomes a necessity. A third party is alone qualified for holding the balance even and doing impartial justice to the disputants.

In his determination to state the case in all its apparent malignity and possible vastness, and to exclude from it anything which told in favour of the English Government, Mr. Sumner omitted some things which he might otherwise have noticed and dwelt upon

with effect. What he says about the rebel rams illustrates at once the defects of his argument and the bitterness of his tone. The words used are these:—

"Audacity reached its height when iron-clad rams were built, and the perversity of the British Government became still more conspicuous by its long refusal to arrest these destructive engines of war, destined to be employed against the United States. This protracted hesitation, where the consequences are so menacing, is a part of the case."

Now it was surely disingenuous to make this statement without amplification and addition. The Government certainly hesitated to seize the rams because there was great doubt as to the legality of the step. When they were seized, it was under a threat of war delivered by Mr. Adams. The result justified the procrastination of the government. After a patient trial of the parallel case of the *Alexandra*, the jury found a verdict against the Crown. The verdict was acquiesced in because it accorded with the law and the evidence. But the Government suffered in public estimation for having wilfully exceeded their legal powers. Having broken the law in the case of the rams, nothing but an act of indemnity could exonerate them from punishment, unless they could make terms with the builders. In order to put an end to the prevailing and natural anxiety and apprehension, the builders agreed to sell the rams to the Government. Parliament ratified the bargain, and half a million sterling was paid away. It has been since found that the purchase was an unprofitable one, the rams being useless for sea-going purposes. Thus, in order to give the United States no ground of complaint, a large pecuniary sacrifice was incurred, yet the only result has been to render Mr. Sumner so dissatisfied as to lead him to include the case of the rams in the bill of indictment drawn up against England. In this matter it is beyond doubt that instead of America being competent to prefer a just demand for damages, the English Government has a moral claim upon America for repayment of an outlay made at her instigation and for her advantage. Nor was this the only example of a desire to do justice, even to the extent of straining legal forms. The trials of alleged Confederate agents were instituted with the same objects. It is not contended that the conduct of England was uniformly blameless; but it is indisputable that the conduct of England was less glaringly inexcusable than Mr. Sumner has represented, and his countrymen believe.



The points now raised and considered are technical ones, and they are those about which the difference of opinion must always be very marked. That doctors differ has passed into a proverb. That lawyers should agree is all but impossible. Still, confining these comments to technicalities, a word may be said with regard to the manner in which our neutrality was observed and enforced. On this head some very pertinent remarks have been made by the Hon. G. H. Yeaman, the United States Minister at Copenhagen. In a pamphlet, printed two years ago, and entitled "Some Observations upon *Alabama* Questions," he reviewed the course pursued by Lord Russell in his diplomatic correspondence with Mr. Adams. We regret that this pamphlet has not been more widely circulated. Its contents are worthy of being carefully pondered by English jurists. In tone it is a model to American controversialists. We gladly say these things in its favour, notwithstanding that the author's conclusions are adverse to English pretensions, and damaging to English statesmen. Where the questions at stake are so serious, no sober-minded writer should desire a triumph at the cost of frankness. Besides, the subject is sufficiently complicated to admit of contradictory views being enunciated with perfect honesty, and supported in perfect good faith.

To all who have taken part in this controversy, the laxity of the authorities in permitting the escape of the *Alabama* has seemed a blunder of serious import. By the American people it is supposed that the Government of England intentionally delayed despatching the order which would have hindered the ill-omened vessel from leaving the Mersey. The fact is, that the telegraphic despatch ordering her detention arrived seven hours too late. Moreover, it is supposed that the builders of the *Alabama* received early intelligence of the purport of the despatch. If this be true, then there is little doubt that direct bribery was had recourse to, or that indirect and culpable corruption was employed in order to obtain early information. But it is also unquestionable that an accident for which the Government was not to blame exercised a fatal influence over the result. The Queen's Advocate, by whom such questions as those relating to the detention of the *Alabama* had to be determined, was then suffering from a malady which rendered it impossible for him to give his mind to the consideration of the papers laid before him. This incapacity was unknown at the time to his most intimate friends. Not till a later per-

iod did his condition become apparent to any of the parties affected by the decision. Such a misfortune does not absolve the Government from responsibility, but it completely vindicates their impartiality. Still, after all this has been urged and granted, a damning charge advanced by Mr. Yeaman is neither disproved nor explained away. He finds grave fault with the admitted reluctance of the Foreign Secretary to act till Mr. Adams had convinced him that there was sufficient evidence to secure the conviction, as well as to justify the detention of the inculpated vessel. Here it was that the desire to prevent a violation of neutrality by rendering it impossible, should have been clearly and openly manifested. Mr. Yeaman maintains that International Law sanctioned the detention of the vessel, and that Municipal Law provided for the punishment of the wrongdoers if their crime were proved. He asks:—

"When a law denouncing certain things highly injurious, makes the commission of them criminal or penal, and visits the violators of the law with severe punishment, have the guardians of the law, whether Collectors, Customs Commissioners, Law Officers, or the principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, after being duly and officially notified, not only that a violation of the law is intended but that it has already occurred, fully discharged their duty by expressing the opinion that the evidence presented by the complaining party is not quite formal, and is not sufficient to procure a conviction?"

We forbear even attempting a reply to this elaborate query. A thoroughly satisfactory answer could hardly be made to it.

The comments of Mr. Yeaman render the imperfections of our municipal laws for the maintenance of neutrality intelligible to every reader. The most palpable of the American grievances have their origin in acts committed on account of the shortcomings of our statutes. Americans forcibly argue that when these defects were made the subject of official remonstrance on the part of their representative, the imperative duty of a people in amity with them was to find in appropriate legislation a remedy for admitted deficiencies. This, they allege, was not only left unperformed, but the mere suggestion to take the necessary steps was resented by our authorities as an insult to the national sovereignty.

The result of discussion is simply to leave the people of the United States unshaken in the conviction that they were wronged by the people of this country. One allegation after another may be shown to be baseless, yet the sense of injury sustained

is neither weakened nor removed. We may state with emphasis and prove with ease that this country never created the belligerency of the South, we may show that the Supreme Court of the United States has declared the existence of belligerent rights antecedent to our proclamation of neutrality, we may even obtain an admission to the effect that the convention which Mr. Reverdy Johnson concluded was designed by England to be a comprehensive and conclusive settlement of all the claims made upon her, and that it was rejected by the Senate of the United States, in a way which, if technically permissible, was practically insulting. Nor is it difficult to find Americans who admit that the speech of Mr. Sumner was calculated to exasperate as well as to inform. Mr. Sumner himself might candidly urge that he neither minced matters, nor thought it wise to withhold a single particular, or suppress a single epithet, which served to give completeness, point, and force to his argument. Taking all these things into consideration, it might seem as if the disheartening conclusion were inevitable that nothing can be done, and that the two nations must patiently await in silence a convenient opportunity for settling their differences not by the pen but by the sword. Against such a conclusion being admitted within the sphere of possibility the friends of both countries should vigorously protest. Let them but display as much energy in discovering a clue to the labyrinth as they have shown in arguing about the existence of the labyrinth itself, and they will soon attain the object of their desires. That the discussions have been futile and barren is chiefly attributable to each party having met assertion with assertion, in apparent unconsciousness of the fact that their points of view being opposed, their conclusions were necessarily discordant.

On the one hand the Americans maintain that the predominant sentiment of England during the war was inimical to the existence of the Republic. This offended the majority at the time, but they were helpless to give effect to their feelings. The memory of this rankles in their minds now, and they demand reparation. However, as "a sense of wrong," even when well founded, can never be made the sole basis of a claim, all the incidents which might be technically sufficient to sustain the complaint have been included in the case. Taking each allegation separately and probing it to the bottom, the guardians of English interests have shown that in nearly every one there is a flaw, and that, when regarded as a whole,

they are insufficient to justify the conclusions drawn and the demands preferred. Thus a sentimental, yet none the less a real grievance, presented under the form of a tangible and technical one, is supposed to be refuted by a legal answer which deals with the actual facts, and takes no account of the underlying and animating sentiment. A discussion conducted on this plan cannot but be interminable and fruitless.

It is easy, but insufficient, to allege that the sentiment is exaggerated, even if sentimental considerations are admissible. Few can recall the state of affairs in this country during the years that the late war raged in America, without feeling humiliated at the blunders then made by those who exercised the responsible functions of public instructors and guides. Secession was regarded as an accomplished and irreversible fact. The relinquishment of the struggle by the North was confidently predicted. The resources of the South were regarded as inexhaustible. When the Confederates won a battle, the rejoicing was loud and unrestrained. When the North inflicted a staggering blow, the vigour of the stroke was called in question. Perhaps the infatuation culminated when the retreat of Hood, which enabled Sherman to march through Georgia without risk of serious molestation, was gravely characterized as a strategic movement, admirably planned and cleverly executed, with a view to entrap or annihilate Sherman's army. American travellers in Europe, who then were nearly all Northerners, heard language of this kind used by Englishmen. By the newspapers throughout the Union these articles were copied and exhibited as samples of English hatred. As if the error of certain newspapers were not mischievous enough, some men of mark devoted their energies to work additional mischief. Society welcomed these men as heroes. At that period, and for some time previously, the governing classes had lived under perpetual fear of steps being taken to "Americanize" the institutions of the realm. The able and ardent advocates of parliamentary reform were known to desire that this country should continue on the most friendly terms with America. It was assumed that the changes proposed by them were planned with a view to overturn the Constitution, and to substitute for it the Constitution of the United States. By those who were the dupes of the phantoms emanating from their heated brains, the real nature of the American war could not be adequately perceived. They saw, as they supposed, the Republic in a state of disruption, and they gloried in the spectacle, not

on account of the injury thereby caused to the Americans, but because the catastrophe removed from their own doors the probability of an immediate revolution. What with folly on the one hand and ignorance on the other, that portion of the community constituting society was wholly disqualified for calmly taking a side or enunciating a rational opinion. Unfortunately this was not understood across the Atlantic. The Confederates, being deceived, over-estimated the importance and the weight of their sympathizers. The Federals, trusting to appearances, exaggerated the amount of English opposition to their great cause. Neither section took sufficient notice of the influential, but small party which never despaired of the Republic. This party was composed of men far more worthy of attention than the empty talkers who rejoiced over the bursting of an imaginary bubble. The members of this third party, understanding the issues at stake, quietly exerted themselves to stem the current of prejudice and absurdity. They succeeded so well that, though many unwise words were spoken, not a single unwise official act was purposely performed by those responsible for the affairs of the nation. If a balance could be struck, it would surprise many to see how much heartfelt and useful sympathy with the American people might be set off against all the aimless and empty talk which caused them so great pain.

For the bitterest exhibitions of aversion the Tory party is mainly, though not entirely responsible. Its organs in the press eagerly embraced every opportunity for lauding the South at the expense of the North. This was deplorable, yet natural. The bugbear of that party was then Parliamentary reform. Dreading the possible extension of the suffrage, it looked with no favour upon a nation which was a standing testimony to the wisdom of giving to the whole body of the people a share in the government. The case is now altered. The people of England have been enfranchised, and are as much the masters of their own destinies as are their American brethren. The Tory party was the instrument employed in accomplishing this object. That party, when in power, did its best, through the medium of Lord Stanley, to atone to the United States for the wrongs endured by their citizens. If an attempt were now made by the Liberals to negotiate a new treaty, no opposition could be consistently made by their political opponents.

That such an attempt should be undertaken is an opinion to which every careful

investigator of the facts will cordially subscribe.

In his Message, the President expresses a hope that negotiations may be resumed with a desirable issue. He does this in a tone to which we are unaccustomed on the part of American Presidents. It had almost become the tradition of their office to say some harsh thing about England at least once a year. Formerly this was intentionally done for purely party ends. The Democratic party then ruled the country, and the Democratic party relied for support on the votes of Southern slaveholders and of naturalized Irishmen. The slaveholders bore a perpetual grudge against the people who had destroyed the slave trade and decreed emancipation, and who had never ceased to prosecute a propaganda in favour of abolition. The naturalized Irishmen carried with them to their new home an unquenchable antipathy towards the rulers over the country of their birth. As the spokesman of these men, the President of the United States employed terms fraught with sneer and menace whenever he had to mention English affairs. Those utterances sometimes gave more annoyance to his fellow-citizens than to the natives of this island. The intellect of Boston had no affinity with the prejudices which were popular at Washington. Representing the great Republican party, which has been not more loyal to the Union than ardent in establishing on an everlasting foundation the doctrine of the equality of all men before the law, and owing his elevation to the belief that in choosing him the electors did honour to the worthiest of their number, President Grant is singularly well fitted to speak in the name of the American people. It is the more gratifying, as well as a good augury for the future, that the utterance of the President should be couched in words eminently conciliatory, and should be an aspiration for the speedy restoration of perfect harmony and the growth of genuine friendship.

For these reasons, the President's view of the case merits the more attentive scrutiny. In substance it is that which Mr. Sumner elaborated in his speech to the Senate, and reiterated in a speech at the last annual convention of the Republican party in Massachusetts. There is this important difference, that no complaint is made in the Message about the proclamation of neutrality. This is favourable to a friendly and practicable settlement. But the President and the distinguished senator for Massachusetts are at one in holding that the United States in its corporate capacity has a claim for injuries sustained during the war. This

is both a question of fact to be determined by a competent tribunal, and the assertion of a new principle. It is a claim for twofold compensation. In the first place, individuals are to have their actual losses made good; then the Government will present a bill of costs for losses incurred by the nation. In private life, this would be equivalent to every member of a family demanding compensation for injury to reputation or damage to property, and the head of the family making a further demand on behalf of the family as a whole. On closer examination, the meaning of this becomes clearer, and the unfairness less conspicuous. After stating that the injuries caused to the country were treated in the rejected convention on the same footing as ordinary commercial claims, the President affirms the greatest omission to consist in no word being found therein, and no inference being deducible from it, which could lessen the sense of unfriendliness as to the course pursued by Great Britain. It is a complaint of unfriendliness rather than a demand for money, which, whether in conversation or in official documents, is most commonly preferred by the citizens of the United States. When making that complaint, President Grant and Mr. Sumner but reiterate what is constantly said in private. If satisfaction could be accorded on this head all would be well, and the rest would be easy. The Americans do not supplicate us to discharge their debts. If we offered to pay them, they would unanimously treat the overture as a covert or open insult. They are justly proud of the way in which they have waged and ended a great war. It is now their pride to liquidate the debt they have incurred. That they will soon accomplish their object hardly admits of doubt. The clearest proof that financial redress is not contemplated or desired by the President, is afforded by the way in which he characterizes the Convention that Mr. Sumner refused to ratify. Had the decision of the referees acting in virtue of that document been adverse to England on all points, a claim for the outlay incurred by the North might have been established against us. Whether this was a contingency foreseen by its framers we cannot say or infer with good reason. But that the result was possible has been shown by Mr. Francis Adams in the *North American Review*. Moreover, Mr. Sumner, in the speech interpreting what was obscure in that which produced so great a sensation, carefully guards himself against preferring any preposterous claim. Speaking before the Republican Convention of Massachusetts, he remarked: "I show simply what England

has done to us. It will be for her, on a careful review of the case, to determine what reparation to offer. It will be for the American people on a careful review of the case to determine what reparation to require."

What our Government may offer, and what the Government of the United States will require, cannot here be foreshadowed, still less determined with certainty. But, as a consequence of what has been advanced, the equity of the case would apparently be met by the adoption on our part of the following method of procedure.

It cannot be denied that this country was indirectly and surreptitiously made the basis of naval operations against the mercantile marine of America, and that the South gained much direct succour at the hands of English traders. Beyond all doubt the Foreign Enlistment Act failed to give to our authorities the powers requisite to prevent and punish those who were determined, if possible, to treat the proclamation of neutrality as a dead letter. The uncertain and disputed rules of the law of nations proved of dubious value at this time. Being called in question by one party, they practically lost their binding efficacy over all parties. This was due in great part to the progress of mechanical arts. In olden times it was the boast of astute legal practitioners that they could drive a carriage and four through any Act of Parliament. In our day it may be said with greater truth that no act of George the Third would suffice to stop the starting of a steam-engine, or to hinder the sailing of a steamer. We must legislate for steam vessels of war as our fathers legislated for sailing ships. International law must be remodelled with a view to define the duties and regulate the powers of neutrals, now that coal has become the one thing needful when a maritime war is raging. An agreement as to what is wanting, and as to what should be done, might well be concluded between the two modern masters of the sea, England and America. There need be no shame felt by us in officially admitting that the imperfection of existing laws rendered the part played by us towards the United States far less friendly than it might and should have been. Such an admission would be a victory over which the American people might exult; but they would assuredly not abuse it. He must have strangely misunderstood the temper and character of that great people if he has arrived at the conclusion that to humiliate the Old country is one of the desires of their hearts. They are ready to assert their position; they are apt to speak disparagingly of political ar-

rangements not identical with their own; but at bottom they are more kindly disposed to the land in which their forefathers dwelt, to the race from which they are offshoots, than to any land or race on the surface of the globe. Unfortunately, books have been written and speeches made in the language which is at once their heritage and their glory, with no other apparent purpose than to satirize, caricature, and revile them. Newspaper articles in French, German, or other tongues, directed against America and the Americans, are passed by unheeded, but every article in the English press which tells in their favour, or to their discredit, is universally read throughout the vast expanse of their magnificent continent. A foreigner imperfectly acquainted with English may travel from one end of the country to the other, exciting no remark and doing neither good nor harm, but an Englishman who undertakes the same journey has constant opportunities for producing heart-burning, and intensifying bitterness by hasty, unworthy, and unjustifiable expressions. It is characteristic of the English tourist to patronize the foreigners with whom he comes into contact, to pity their ignorance of his ways, to treat them as scarcely fit society for a free-born Briton. As foreigners are accustomed to regard all Englishmen as semi-lunatics, not much harm is done so long as the traveller pays his bills. But the Americans attribute the same conduct not to eccentricity, but to conceit and bad feeling. Hence it is that their disposition to be on good terms with us is often subjected to a severe trial. When a public illustration of what they deprecate and dislike is added to the examples of what they have personally experienced, the result is a state of feeling like that which will prevail until the Alabama claims be despatched into the oblivion decreed for solved problems and redressed grievances.

Seeing that President Grant has officially intimated the readiness of his Government to resume negotiations, the time has now arrived for making another attempt to end the only controversy between England and the powers of the world. Moreover, to use the President's words, "It is now the only grave question which the United States has with any foreign nation." We are assured that it would be desirable if the preliminaries were settled at Washington. To this none of our statesmen are likely to object. As the Senate rather than the Secretary of State, or even the President, is the body to be conciliated and satisfied, it is fitting that the negotiator should be in a position to

learn what is the opinion prevailing among the senators. The work should be undertaken with a view, not to carry off a prize for diplomatic finesse, by having recourse to intrigue and by the practice of deceit, but to establish friendly relations between the two countries for their mutual advantage and glory. Both sides must be prepared to make rational concessions and forego inadmissible demands.

On the part of this country it is probable that no desire will be manifested to retract anything already distinctly indicated and intentionally conceded. Having consented to be bound by the ruling of an arbiter, we may cheerfully repeat our adhesion to this avowal. But if we would challenge respect and justify our readiness to conclude a lasting peace, it must be by taking our stand on still higher ground than that hitherto occupied. The revision of defective statutes, and the revival of the code of international law, are subjects which, naturally springing out of this dispute, form the complement to any arrangement devised with a view to place the question in a proper light, and to turn the opportunity to profitable account. It would be a noble addition to the roll of England's achievements to include among them a successful endeavour to render peace more durable and war less terrible, by arranging for effectually protecting the neutral from injury, while at the same time providing for the maintenance of a defensible and indisputable neutrality.

The attainment of such a result would be cheaply purchased at the cost of sacrifices, whether of pride or punctilio, on the part of our authorities. As one result, we might count upon the ties between the two countries being drawn more closely and defined more clearly. Hitherto, it has been customary for the Governments of the United Kingdom and of the United States to act as if their interests were antagonistic. Hence whatever has been done by one, the other has regarded as a possible slight or direct injury. Seldom, if ever, have the two nations co-operated with cordiality. The reverse is true of France and Russia. Slight though the services were which France rendered to America during the War of Independence, yet they have sufficed to establish and insure the continuance of amicable relations ever since. Even the avowed sympathy of the present Emperor of the French with the rebellion, and his attempt to destroy the Republic in Mexico, have not caused the traditional courtesies to cease between the United States and their ancient ally. With the astuteness which distinguishes



Russian statesmen, the goodwill of the Americans has been cheaply and effectively gained for their country. When slavery marred the shield of the Republic, Russia, the land of serfdom, could pay compliments without irritating the slaveholders. When the slaves were emancipated, the Russian Emperor congratulated the Americans on having followed his example in emancipating the serfs. So skilfully did Russia shape her course, that when the Crimean campaign was in progress, American sympathy was manifested for the defenders of Sebastopol; and a rude lesson was taught to our Government when it inadvertently infringed the Foreign Enlistment Act in the case of American citizens. The most mellifluous phrases were used by Russia to America when kind words were most welcome. At the close of the great war the huge Empire of the North had her reward. Possessing a tract of barren rock in the vicinity of the North Pole, by which, as an official report of General Thomas informs us, she lost much money every year, she succeeded in disposing of this to America for two millions sterling, and not only got rid of an unprofitable possession on profitable terms, but also received the thanks of the representatives of the people for having acted with rare generosity and magnanimity. It would be absurd to suppose that individually the American and Russian people cherish affection the one for the other. A citizen who elects his ruler and a subject who does a despot's bidding cannot have much in common. That the Americans should be so tolerant as they are towards a grinding despotism like that of Russia is the strongest testimony in favour of the advantages to be gained by the cultivation of amicable relations between their government and our own. When official despatches are filled with compliments, individual bad feeling loses its reason for existing. If the official relations between us and the Americans resembled those between her and Russia, American newspapers would hold very different language when discussing English affairs. The anxiety would then be as great to foster peace as is the desire now displayed to pick a quarrel.

Next in importance to the conditions to which the country will accede, is the choice of the Plenipotentiary entrusted with the mission to Washington. It may be assumed that the English Minister there will not be withdrawn from the transaction of his ordinary official duties for the purpose of dealing with this subject. Of Mr. Thornton's diplomatic experience there is no question;

yet that Mr. Thornton is hardly fitted for this exceptional task is as little capable of doubt. Any Treaty having the scope and import of that indicated would have to be explained and upheld in Parliament, as well as ratified in solemn form. A member of either House, and still better, a member of the Cabinet, is alone capable of discharging the duty with satisfaction to the Legislature. Fortunately, there is more than one man who possesses all the requisites for acting as a Plenipotentiary, who commands the confidence of his countrymen, who is esteemed by the citizens of the Great Republic. The Cabinet contains both an illustrious commoner and a distinguished nobleman, each of whom is fitted in every way to undertake this onerous yet dignified task. In the hands of either, the country's honour would be safe. At the hands of either, the hearty friendship of America might be secured.

Our Government has resolved to satisfy America in every way short of flattering or cajoling her. To friendly overtures on her part, we cannot but lend willing ears. To any fair and reasonable proposition made by her representatives, we shall readily and graciously accede. Mr. Sumner has proclaimed that the first step towards reconciliation must be in the direction of becoming perfectly acquainted with the case of his country. We flatter ourselves we have now reached that vantage ground. In their turn, the Americans should endeavour to realize the difficulties this country has had to face and surmount. For actual and demonstrated misdeeds, we are anxious to make ample and ungrudging atonement. From ungracious and unfounded imputations, we are desirous of being absolved. If the Americans have much to forgive, we have much which we shall strive to forget. In both cases, the best means for attaining the desired object is to be found in hearty co-operation with a view to prevent the possible recurrence of misunderstandings at once discreditable and deplorable.

The result of an honest and earnest effort to arrive at a mutual understanding cannot be other than praiseworthy and important. As a consequence, it may be anticipated that both nations will adopt a different policy towards each other in the future, than that they have respectively followed and gloried in during the past. Both have appeared bent upon detecting and condemning the differences which characterize them. They would be more profitably employed in noting and approving the many points they have in common. The one is the glorious mother of free parlia-

ments; the other is the great founder and apostle of free institutions. Let liberty be defended, has been the cry of the one; Let equality be established, has been the cry of the other. As time has wrought its changes, the two cries have been merged into an identical movement for upholding freedom and extending equality. In name, the political arrangements of the two nations differ as widely as day and night; in fact, they have almost become identical. An American elects his ruler; an Englishman elects the representatives who give power and office to the man of their choice. The first man in the United States is the President; the first man in the United Kingdom is the Prime Minister. It is hardly open to question that our method of dealing with an unpopular and unworthy Prime Minister is far more summary and practical than that which the American system provides for the removal of a President who has disgraced his office and displeased his people.

Considerations of still greater moment deserve to be carefully pondered and held in remembrance. Against alliances with the despotic and illiberal nations of Europe, the statesmen of America have always protested. Into forming such alliances this country has often been betrayed to its serious detriment. But experience has imparted to us wisdom through the medium of painful lessons. In the future, the policy of intermeddling will give place to the policy of observation. With the victims of tyranny we shall always sympathize, but the day has gone by for our rendering any assistance to those whom the people execrate as oppressors. Still, however much we may loathe the entangling alliances, we cannot rid ourselves of the responsibilities which the force of circumstances has imposed upon us. The position we occupy in China and Japan is one which we must preserve. In these lands we are fated, for good or ill, to be brought into rivalry with our American brethren. We are rivals by circumstances; we need not be antagonists except by choice. Our interests are identical. Acting in unison we may do incalculable good; as enemies we may work irreparable mischief. If our relations were thoroughly friendly and sensible, we should

go hand in hand towards the achievement of objects which, while redounding to the advantage of both, would prove beneficial to the human race. Besides, the question which may at any moment arise with regard to our own and other West Indian Islands, would never excite a moment's apprehension if the rulers of England and America were determined on pursuing a policy of mutual advantage rather than persisting in a course of mutual hostility. Hand in hand, the great people which dominates the vast Continent of America, and the great nation which has dictated laws to the world from the Islands of the United Kingdom, might pursue the splendid career of freedom, showing by example the virtues of self-government, and inspiring the oppressed of the earth with the energy requisite for attaining to an equally lofty ideal. The patriotism of Englishmen and Americans, if united, would operate for the benefit of the nations to which they belong, and for the enlightenment and advancement of humanity.

Should the dreams of the noblest and wisest of mankind be destined to take shape and become realities, the glorious result will be due to the ascendancy of those principles which have inspired and illustrated the race from which the people of England and America derive their origin, their might, and their renown. In the unbroken and hearty co-operation of these natural allies, rests the only sure hope that brighter days are in store for the human family. If united in sentiment as in blood, these kindred and powerful nations might contribute what is lacking to perfect the political regeneration of the world. Their joint precept and example would hasten the advent of that golden age when the nations of the earth, acknowledging the brotherhood of man, shall be as willing and ready to teach and aid as they have been to traduce and harm one another, when they shall compose their disputes by deliberate appeals to reason instead of resorting to the savage arbitrament of bayonets, and when, from the rising to the going down of the sun, the uniform enjoyment of individual freedom shall be accompanied by the benign and universal reign of law.

W. F. RAE.

*The North German Correspondent* says Kaulbach is engaged in the composition of a picture representing our Saviour driving the specu-

lators and self-seekers out of the Oecumenical Council, as He once did the money-changers out of the temple of Jerusalem.

From The Quarterly Review.

MISS AUSTEN AND MISS MITFORD.\*

THESE memorials of two women, both of whom displayed distinguished and peculiar literary genius, merit the attention of all students of English fiction. Of Miss Austen it has been well said that it may be taken as a new test of ability whether a person can or can not appreciate her novels. On their first appearance they were regarded by the multitude as poor and commonplace. But the ablest judges formed a very different opinion of their merits. Lord Macaulay, as we learn from her present biographer, on the authority of his sister, Lady Trevelyan, had intended to write a memoir of Miss Austen, with criticisms on her works, to prefix it to a new edition of her novels, and from the proceeds of the sale to erect a monument to her memory in Winchester Cathedral. "I have the picture still before me," writes Sir Henry Holland, in his printed but unpublished recollections of his past life, "of Lord Holland lying on his bed, when attacked with gout, his admirable sister, Miss Fox, beside him reading aloud, as she always did on these occasions, some one of Miss Austen's novels, of which he never wearied." "You mention," says Southey, in a letter to Sir Egerton Brydges, "Miss Austen. Her novels are more true to nature, and have, for my sympathies, passages of finer feeling than any others of this age." Sir Walter Scott and Archbishop Whately, in the earlier numbers of the "Quarterly Review,"\* called the attention of the public to their surpassing excellence; and Scott, at a later period, wrote as follows in his Diary (March 14th, 1826):—

"Read again, for the third time at least, Miss Austen's finely written novel of 'Pride and Prejudice.' That young lady had a talent for describing the involvements and feelings and characters of ordinary life, which is to me the most wonderful I ever met with. The big Bow-Wow strain I can do myself like any now going; but the exquisite touch which renders ordinary commonplace things and characters interesting from the truth of the description and the sentiment is denied to me. What a pity such a gifted creature died so early!"

But it is not our present intention to enter into any criticism of these novels, but simply to draw from the interesting Me-

moir before us such particulars as will throw light upon their composition, and enable our readers to gratify the natural desire which every one must feel of knowing something of the life of a woman who was as complete in her quiet domestic virtue—as shy (it may have been too shy) in her home simplicity—yet, as original in her racy humour as any of the women whose names are enrolled in the Golden Book of Fiction.

Jane Austen was born in 1775, at Steventon, in Hampshire, the daughter of a clergyman, and one of many children, who made up a singularly happy and united family. Her mother, who belonged to the family of Leighs, of Warwickshire, was the niece of Dr. Theophilus Leigh, the Master of Balliol College, Oxford, who had wit enough, at the advanced age of eighty-six (he lived to be ninety) to attract a judge of wits no less expert than Mrs. Thrale:—

"We are told he was once calling on a gentleman notorious for never opening a book, who took him into a room overlooking the Bath Road, which was then a great thoroughfare for travellers of every class, saying rather pompously, 'This, Doctor, I call my study.' The Doctor, glancing his eye round the room in which no books were to be seen, replied, 'And very well named too, sir, for you know Pope tells us, "The proper study of mankind is Man."' When my father went to Oxford he was honoured with an invitation to dine with this dignified cousin. Being a raw undergraduate unaccustomed to the habits of the University, he was about to take off his gown, as if it were a great coat, when the old man, then considerably turned eighty, said, with a grim smile, 'Young man, you need not strip: we are not going to fight.'"

Jane Austen's father, the Rector of Steventon, known during his youth at Oxford as "the handsome Proctor," was a superior, accomplished, and learned man. Her mother "united strong common sense with a lively imagination, and expressed herself, both in writing and in conversation, with epigrammatic force and point." Her eldest brother James, Mr. Austen-Leigh's father, "when a very young man at Oxford, had been the originator and chief supporter of a periodical paper called the 'Loiterer,' written somewhat on the plan of the 'Spectator' and its successors, but nearly confined to subjects connected with the University." Another brother, Mr. Knight, "who possessed a spirit of fervent liveliness, which made him especially delightful to all young people," was early adopted by a cousin, who left him in possession of landed property in Kent and in

\* 1. *A Memoir of Jane Austen.* By her Nephew, J. E. Austen-Leigh, Vicar of Bray, Berks. London, 1870.

2. *The Life of Mary Russell Mitford, Authoress of "Our Village," &c: related in a selection from her letters to her friends.* Edited by the Rev. A. G. L'Estrange. 3 vols. London, 1870.

† See vol. xiv. p. 188 foll., and vol. xxiv. p. 362 foll.

Hampshire, and a name to bear. A third brother was a clergyman, who took to the Church late in life. Jane's two youngest brothers rose to the highest honours in our sea-service, at a time when the English navy offered noble chances, but therewith demanded high capacities for administration and decision, such as may hardly occur in these days, or in days to come. Francis Austen, who died at the age of ninety-three, was "a strict disciplinarian," who enforced his discipline without "ever uttering an oath, or permitting one in his presence. On one occasion," adds the biographer, "when ashore in a sea-side town, he was spoken of as 'the officer who kneeled at church.'" The honourable career of these two brothers accounts, as her biographer observes, for Jane Austen's partiality for the navy as well as the readiness and accuracy with which she wrote about it:—

"She was always very careful not to meddle with matters which she did not thoroughly understand. She never touched upon politics, law, or medicine, subjects which some novel writers have ventured on rather too boldly, and have treated with more brilliancy than accuracy. But with ships and sailors she felt herself at home, or at least could always trust to a brotherly critic to keep her right. I believe that no flaw has ever been found in her seamanship either in 'Mansfield Park' or in 'Persuasion.'"

Lastly, our authoress had an elder sister, classically christened Cassandra—a graver, less gifted woman than herself, but of steady affections and composed temper, to whom Jane was inseparably attached throughout life, and who appears to have exercised no common influence over her heart and head. There is something as engaging as it is satisfying in such an English family picture as these memorials indicate, and the pleasure and interest excited by contemplating it, make us all the more regret that there exist no materials for filling up the sketch.

Jane Austen passed the first twenty-five years of her life in her father's happy home at Steventon:—

"There was so much that was agreeable and attractive in this family party, that its members may be excused if they were inclined to live somewhat too exclusively within it. They might see in each other much to love and esteem, and something to admire. The family talk had abundance of spirit and vivacity, and was never troubled by disagreements even in little matters, for it was not their habit to dispute or argue with each other; above all, there was strong family affection and firm union, never to be broken but by death. It cannot be doubted that all this had its influence on the author in the

construction of her stories, in which a family party usually supplies the narrow stage, while the interest is made to revolve round a few actors.

"It will be seen also that though her circle of society was small, yet she found in her neighbourhood persons of good taste and cultivated minds. Her acquaintance, in fact, constituted the very class from which she took her imaginary characters, from the member of parliament, or large landed proprietor, to the young curate or younger midshipman of equally good family; and I think that the influence of these early associations may be traced in her writings, especially in two particulars. First, that she is entirely free from the vulgarity, which is so offensive in some novels, of dwelling on the outward appendages of wealth or rank, as if they were things to which the writer was unaccustomed; and, secondly, that she deals as little with very low as with very high stations in life. She does not go lower than the Miss Steeles, Mrs. Elton, and John Thorpe, people of bad taste and underbred manners, such as are actually found sometimes mingling with better society."

An occasional visit to some cousins at Bath gave her that intimate knowledge of the topography and customs of that city which enabled her to write "Northanger Abbey" long before she resided there herself. Another cousin, who had married a French nobleman, and who came to live at Steventon after her husband had perished by the guillotine during the French Revolution, introduced greater variety into the family circle:—

"She was a clever woman, and highly accomplished, after the French rather than the English mode; and in those days when intercourse with the Continent was long interrupted by war such an element in the society of a country parsonage must have been a rare acquisition. The sisters may have been principally indebted to this cousin for the considerable knowledge of French which they possessed. She also took the principal parts in the private theatricals in which the family several times indulged, having their summer theatre in the barn, and their winter one within the narrow limits of the dining-room, where the number of the audience must have been very limited. On these occasions, the prologues and epilogues were written by Jane's eldest brother, and some of them were very vigorous and amusing. Jane was only twelve years old at the time of the earliest of these representations, and not more than fifteen when the last took place. She was, however, an early observer, and it may be reasonably supposed that some of the incidents and feelings which are so vividly painted in the Mansfield Park theatricals are due to her recollections of these entertainments."

Miss Austen's first attempts at composi-

tion consisted of quizzical tales, written when she was a girl, then indicating the vein of humour so delicately yet genially wrought out in the bores, and drolls, and coxcombs of her novels. "Perhaps the most remarkable thing about them is the pure and idiomatic English in which they are composed, quite different from the over-ornamented style which might be expected from a very young writer." Gradually her efforts become more sustained and serious, and she produced stories still extant, we are told, in manuscript, which the family have declined to publish, for the present at least. However tantalizing be the knowledge that such treasure exists, we hold the decision to be wise. In the face of the indecorous practice too largely prevalent in the present day, of exposing to common view every scrap, and relic, and incomplete essay left by those who have become famous in literature or art, it may be recommended as a wholesome truth, that a man's thoughts are as indefeasibly his own property as his acres, and that the work which he has judged discreet to withhold from public view from a sense of its incompleteness, ought to be sacred from being pored over and printed by posthumous busybodies.

"*Pride and Prejudice*," the first of Miss Austen's half-dozen novels, which will be read so long as any one cares for English domestic fiction, was begun when its writer was twenty-one years of age,\* in October, 1796, — and completed in about ten months. "*Sense and Sensibility*" was commenced immediately after the completion of "*Pride and Prejudice*" (1797), and "*Northanger Abbey*" was composed in the following year (1798). The courageous self-knowledge which could prompt and carry through such undertakings, under such circumstances, is a noticeable fact. These stories were written in the time of supernatural fiction, made popular by Walpole's "*Castle of Otranto*" and by the writings of Anne Radcliffe — a time, it might have been predicated, when the appeal of so delicate a voice and so delicate a touch as Miss Austen's would entirely fail of effect. But we are proud to believe, that, in England at least, everything which is real makes a way, not to be closed up, but to be widened as years go on, and as with them the powers of comparison are developed. These quiet novels have become classics. So much can hardly be said of many of the

works by the other female novelists. By the side of "*Emma*" and "*Persuasion*," "*Evelina*" — ushered into fame by a patron no less authoritative and powerful than Dr. Johnson — as a work of art, is coarse and farcical. The Austen novels have outlasted the tales of Mrs. Bennet and Charlotte Smith, and that kind-hearted, illicit Quakeress, Amelia Opie; though each of these as it came was the delight of novel readers, and all appealed to emotions more serious and to passions more high-flown than can be excited by the cares and concerns of every-day people in country villages, passing lives sparingly marked by sin or sorrow.

The novels remained long in manuscript. "*Northanger Abbey*" was sold in 1803, to a publisher in Bath, for 10*l.*; "but it found so little favour in his eyes that he chose to abide by his first loss rather than risk farther expense by publishing such a work," and it remained in his possession for some years, till it was bought back by the authoress for the sum originally paid for it. "*Pride and Prejudice*" had been previously summarily rejected by Mr. Cadell. In 1801 the family removed to Bath, where her father died, and subsequently to Southampton, and during these seven years Miss Austen's pen appears to have remained idle. It was not till 1809, when her mother and sisters took up their abode at Chawton, that she resumed her literary work.

"The first year of her residence at Chawton seems to have been devoted to revising and preparing for the press '*Sense and Sensibility*,' and '*Pride and Prejudice*'; but between February 1811 and August 1816, she began and completed '*Mansfield Park*,' '*Emma*,' and '*Persuasion*,' so that the last five years of her life produced the same number of novels with those which had been written in her early youth. How she was able to effect all this is surprising, for she had no separate study to retire to, and most of the work must have been done in the general sitting-room, subject to all kinds of casual interruptions. She was not, however, troubled with companions like her own Mrs. Allen in '*Northanger Abbey*,' whose 'vacancy of mind and incapacity for thinking were such that, as she never talked a great deal, so she could never be entirely silent; and, therefore, while she sat at work, if she lost her needle, or broke her thread, or saw a speck of dirt on her gown, she must observe it, whether there were any one at leisure to answer her or not.' In that well occupied female party there must have been many precious hours of silence during which the pen was busy at the little mahogany writing-desk, while Fanny Price, or Emma Woodhouse, or Anne Elliott was growing into beauty and interest. I have no doubt that I,

\* Four years younger than Miss Burney was when she wrote "*Evelina*." The fable of this novel being the work of a girl of seventeen has been long since exploded. "*Evelina*" was published in 1778, when the authoress was twenty-five years old.



and my sisters and cousins, in our visits to Chawton, frequently disturbed this mystic process, without having any idea of the mischief that we were doing; certainly we never should have guessed it by any signs of impatience or irritability in the writer.

"As so much had been previously prepared, when once she began to publish, her works came out in quick succession. 'Sense and Sensibility' was published in 1811, 'Pride and Prejudice' at the beginning of 1813, 'Mansfield Park' in 1814, 'Emma' early in 1816; 'Northanger Abbey' and 'Persuasion' did not appear till after her death in 1818. Her first three novels were published by Egerton, her last three by Murray. The profits of the four which had been printed before her death had not at that time amounted to seven hundred pounds."

The following extracts from two letters to her sister give a lively picture of the interest with which she watched the reception of "Pride and Prejudice":—

"CHAWTON, Friday, January 29, 1813.

"I hope you received my little parcel by J. Bond on Wednesday evening, my dear Cassandra, and that you will be ready to hear from me again on Sunday, for I feel that I must write to you to-day. I want to tell you that I have got my own darling child from London. On Wednesday I received one copy sent down by Falkener, with three lines from Henry to say that he had given another to Charles, and sent a third by the coach to Godmersham. . . . Miss B. dined with us on the very day of the book's coming, and in the evening we fairly set at it, and read half the first vol. to her, prefacing that, having intelligence from Henry that such a work would soon appear, we had desired him to send it whenever it came out, and I believe it passed with her unsuspected. She was amused, poor soul! That she could not help, you know, with two such people to lead the way, but she really does seem to admire Elizabeth. I must confess that I think her as delightful a creature as ever appeared in print, and how I shall be able to tolerate those who do not like *her* at least I do not know."

"CHAWTON, Thursday, February 4, 1813.

"MY DEAR CASSANDRA, — Your letter was truly welcome, and I am much obliged to you for all your praise; it came at a right time, for I had had some fits of disgust. Our second evening's reading to Miss B. had not pleased me so well, but I believe something must be attributed to my mother's too rapid way of getting on: though she perfectly understands the characters herself, she cannot speak as they ought. Upon the whole, however, I am quite vain enough and well satisfied enough. The work is rather too light, and bright, and sparkling; it wants shade; it wants to be stretched out here and there with a long chapter of sense, if it could be had; if not, of solemn specious nonsense, about some-

thing unconnected with the story; an essay on writing, a critique on Walter Scott, or the history of Baonaparte, or something that would form a contrast, and bring the reader with increased delight to the playfulness and epigrammatism of the general style."

Miss Austen's life, as well as her talent, seem to us unique among the lives of authoresses of fiction. Keenly enjoying her success, conscious of no common powers of humour, with every refinement that adorns society, she remained quietly among her own people, in preference to seeking the tawdry honours and false privileges of lionism. We can recall no record of her having been seen in London society, save a passing anecdote (possibly mythical), that on some possible presentation to Madame de Staël, Miss Austen's nerves failed her, and she declined the awful interview. Nothing is so egregiously misunderstood by bystanders as this shyness. It is vanity—it is over-consciousness—it is exaggerated self-appreciation. Thus too often runs the verdict. It may be none of these things. It may be a case of readiness or unreadiness dependent on physical organization. It is one, however, which fails its victim, when great duties, or constraining circumstances, call for immediate decision or self-assertion. Our great Nelson, who kept the sea for England, suffered terribly—so his biographers have assured us—from seasickness. Yet the suffering passed, like a dream, whenever there was a deed to be done. By those who have studied character distinct from its outward manifestations, as expressed in conformity to uses and customs, there will be found in Miss Austen's novels an expression of firm and original courage as clear as if she had braved society, whether theoretically or practically. The boldness which will vindicate for persons of mediocre intellect souls to be saved and feelings to be tortured, and which by such vindication can interest and compel a jaded, hurrying public, eager for changing excitements, to pause and to listen—is surely no common quality; but it has within itself a promise and an assurance of enduring reputation.

Personally, Miss Austen must have been most engaging. Her person, mind, and habits are thus portrayed by her biographer;—

"In person she was very attractive; her figure was rather tall and slender, her step light and firm, and her whole appearance expressive of health and animation. In complexion she was a clear brunette with a rich colour; she had full round cheeks, with mouth and nose small and well formed, bright hazel eyes, and brown.

hair forming natural curls close round her face. If not so regularly handsome as her sister, yet her countenance had a peculiar charm of its own to the eyes of most beholders.

"She was not highly accomplished according to the present standard. She was fond of music and had a sweet voice, both in singing and in conversation; in her youth she had received some instruction on the pianoforte; and at Chawton she practised daily, chiefly before breakfast.

"She read French with facility, and knew something of Italian. In those days German was no more thought of than Hindostanee, as part of a lady's education. She was well acquainted with the old periodicals, from the 'Spectator' downwards. Her knowledge of Richardson's works was such as no one is likely again to acquire, now that the multitude and the merits of our light literature have called off the attention of readers from that great master. Every circumstance narrated in 'Sir Charles Grandison,' all that was ever said or done in the cedar parlor, was familiar to her; and the wedding-days of Lady L. and Lady G. were as well remembered as if they had been living friends. Amongst her favourite writers, Johnson in prose, Crabbe in verse, and Cowper in both, stood high. It is well that the native good taste of herself and of those with whom she lived, saved her from the snare into which a sister novelist had fallen, of imitating the grandiloquent style of Johnson.

"It was not, however, what she *knew*, but what she *was*, that distinguished her from others. I cannot better describe the fascination which she exercised over children than by quoting the words of one of her nieces:—

"As a very little girl I was always creeping up to Aunt Jane, and following her whenever I could, in the house and out of it. I might not have remembered this but for the recollection of my mother's telling me privately, that I must not be troublesome to my aunt. Her first charm to children was great sweetness of manner. She seemed to love you, and you loved her in return. This, as well as I can now recollect, was what I felt in my early days, before I was old enough to be amused by her cleverness. But soon came the delight of her playful talk. She could make everything amusing to a child. Then, as I got older, when cousins came to share the entertainment, she would tell us the most delightful stories, chiefly of Fairyland, and her fairies had all characters of their own. The tale was invented, I am sure, at the moment, and was continued for two or three days, if occasion served."

There was nothing that Miss Fanny Kemble called "lamp-oil and orange-peel" about Miss Austen. Her life was happy—the life of one much beloved and much enjoying, if not thoroughly appreciated; her death was one of tranquil resignation.\*

\* She died at Winchester, July 18, 1817, and was buried in the cathedral.

We close the record, with increased affection for one so graceful, so affectionate, so fine in observation, so exquisite in touch, so real in her knowledge of the secrets of the human heart, as was Jane Austen. Only one candidate to her peculiar honours, who has approached her finish and excellence, during the half century which has elapsed since her decease occurs to us. This is the late Mrs. Gaskell—whose "Cranford" and "Wives and Daughters" will long keep a place by the side of "Mansfield Park" and "Persuasion."

Passing from Jane Austen to Mary Russell Mitford, we pass from a sunny to a sad story. Whereas the author of "Persuasion" led a happy life, among "her own people;" beloved and worthy even if they failed sufficiently to value her merit, and to foresee her fame—the author of "Our Village," and "Rienzi" was driven out into conflict and struggle from almost the earliest moment at which her peculiar genius revealed itself, to support and to maintain the credit of as miserable a creature as ever preyed on, and weighed down, the women of his family.

The sorrow—the disadvantage—the mistake of Miss Mitford's life must be clearly unfolded if only because among her contemporaries, and her survivors, they have caused some misconstruction. Hers was the history of a credulous woman sacrificing herself to an utterly worthless idol—told over again; but with some difference from its usual formula. The heroine, who stakes her all on a love attachment—who braves ill-repute, ill-usage, want, even—for some worthless, showy creature who has first won her heart, then drained her purse, lastly, left her in the mire of disgrace,—is, and ought to be an object of generous charity; but the woman who perils her delicacy of nature to screen a vicious parent, not being interesting, is confounded in his shame, and meets with less pity than is awarded to a Marion Lescaut, or an Esmeralda. There is no survivor who can be pained by a plain statement of matters as they really stood in the present case.

Dr. Mitford, the father of Mary Russell Mitford—belonging to an ancient family in the North of England—educated to be a physician,—a personable man, with that frankness of manner and willingness to take indulgence which, with too many persons, pass for the geniality which gives pleasure, and the generosity which bestows real benefits—was a coarse, showy, wasteful profligate—a man whose life was a shame; whose talk was too often an offence, not to be tolerated in our days, when men have

advanced beyond the brutish themes and language of Parson Trulliber's and Squire Western's table eloquence. He was a schemer in bubble companies, a gambler in London whist clubs. Yet in spite of these qualities he kept a hold on the women of his family as oppressive and as noxious as the load laid by the Old Man of the Sea on the shoulders of Sinbad. He married an heiress — a gentle woman, nobly connected but somewhat characterless, so far as can be gathered from these records. He speculated on, and squandered, her liberal fortune. Yet she never repined. By one of those chances which, met with in one of Balzac's novels, would be pronounced forced and theatrical, his daughter became the possessor of an enormous lottery prize — twenty thousand pounds. That sum of money, too, sufficient to have reinstated himself and his family in their old position, Dr. Mitford gambled and muddled away in an inconceivably short period. And from that time forth, to the end of his days, the girl had to be the "bread-winner" — to provide the funds required to satisfy her parent's sensual rapacity, and to uphold him among those who knew, from intimate contact, how gross, how worthless, was her idol — with something of defensive perversity, and more of blind credulity.

It should be added that the amount of Miss Mitford's share of enjoyment derived from her gains was, from first to last, small and modest; nay, reduced to the verge of parsimony. Her tastes were simple; her solitary indulgence was in the maintenance of her tiny flower-garden, in which she was aided by every friend who approached her. "It is fit, said Mr. Samuel Pepys, speaking of some new gown bought for his wife, "that the poor wretch should have something wherewith to content her." And no one who recollects the insufficient, meanly furnished labourer's cottage at Three Mile Cross — where the best of Miss Mitford's literary work was done, being commenced only at midnight, after she had satisfied and amused her grasping parent by playing cribbage with him till he could no longer keep awake — no one familiar with the scrupulous economy, not to say paltriness, of her attire — which gave her the air, in any brightly dressed crowd, of an old-fashioned, miserly humorist — could grudge her, whose life was one long strain and self-denial, her geraniums and that shabby green-house parlour and the great bay-tree, beneath and round which so many distinguished persons have congregated to talk of matters far above and beyond the petty gossip of a country neighbourhood, or the

private trials and sacrifices of their quiet hostess. Rarely, if ever, did she betray the slightest passing irritation or impatience — the slightest consciousness that she was selfishly overworked and unjustly treated. The blindness, whether real or affected, with which she chose to assume that her distasteful parent must be as delightful to every one of her guests as to herself had its absurd side; but it is only another illustration — perhaps as strong a one as could be cited — of the force of Woman's affection.

It was necessary to put forward this plain narrative of facts in order to understand rightly Miss Mitford's life, as portrayed in her letters now before us. But these letters have an independent value. Their vivacity and elegance, the unforeseen turns of language, the variety of allusions and anecdotes they contain, will give Miss Mitford a permanent place among the best letter-writers in our language. It is noticeable that, whereas in the composition of her works she was elaborate — wrote and re-wrote, cast, and re-cast, a page, or a phrase, in her village sketches, or an act or a scene in one of her dramas — in epistolary confidence she seems never to have taken thought; — never to have corrected a bitter phrase engendered by a passing whimsy; never to have been able to come to an end. The style is nowhere debased by vulgarisms, or cant allusions. Written, as we now know her letters to have been written, they are a remarkable monument to their writer's worth and truth, goodness of heart, elasticity of spirits, and sweetness of temper.

Mary Russell Mitford was born at Alresford, in Hampshire, in December, 1787, and gave early signs of precocity in memory, in quickness, and in avidity to learn. Her father used "to perch her on the breakfast-table," when she was only three years old, that his guests might be edified by her readings "from the Whig newspapers of the day!" and by her reciting "The Babes in the Wood." She was little more than eight years of age when the family had to pay the penalty of his shameless extravagance by taking refuge with him within the walls of the King's Bench. From this disgrace they were delivered by the little girl's luck in the lottery: the ticket which turned up a prize having been purchased at her insistence as to its number. In the year 1797 the Mitfords were again in the country, established close to Reading, with carriages and horses and grey-hounds, — their daughter having been placed at a fashionable boarding-school at Chelsea, kept by a pair of French emigrants, assisted by an English lady, who

took her pupils to the theatre. As a part of their course of tuition, they danced ballets and acted meek plays — as Miss Mitford has told us in her whimsical account of a "breaking-up" performance of Hannah More's "Search after Happiness." The girl would learn everything (except music, which she could never be brought to relish), even Latin — she read all manner of books, trashy, and solid, with great avidity, and wrote letters which showed no common talent. She left school in the year 1802. About this time her father entered on the second act of his mad career by buying an estate at Graseley, a few miles from Reading, on which stood an old picturesque and convenient farmhouse. This, of course, had to be pulled down and a modern house substituted, on the building of which a needless sum of money was sacrificed. — The sequel will surprise no one. After a few showy years, during which Dr. Mitford, who early began to make capital of his daughter, took her into Northumberland, on a visit to his family (the incidents of which, including a thoughtless and selfish vagary in his deserting her for an electioneering freak, are spiritedly described), the bubble again burst, and from Bertram House the family had to condescend to a way-side cottage at Three Mile Cross, in the neighbourhood of Reading. There the best of Miss Mitford's books and dramas were written, and there she resided till within a very few years of her death.

The amount of varied and amusing matter in Miss Mitford's correspondence makes the task of selecting from it difficult. In 1810, by the publication of a volume of poems, she entered the world of authorship; but long before, her letters describing the people and things around her had shown that discrimination of character, and that willingness to please and to be pleased, which are always engaging. For a time her father made attempts to suggest subjects and direct her career; but it is significant that at even so early a date, while she writes with anxiety as to the reception of her book by the reviewers, and puts aside his hints for new attempts, — she begs her parent, absent from home (there was always some showy excuse for his absence) "not to forget that, if the tax-money be not paid early this week, you will be reported as a defaulter." To meet this difficulty, the next letter makes it clear that some of his pictures had to be sold. From the letters of the same month a few paragraphs on lighter matters may be strung together as characteristic. Blackett, it may be remembered, was one of the self-in-

structed rhymesters whom it was the fashion to patronize as poets of the people.

"Ten thousand thanks for your attention to my commissions, and, above all, for the books. Crabbe's poem is indeed a rich treat. It is quite to your taste; and I will read it to you all through when you return. I believe he is *your* favourite poet; next to Campbell he undoubtedly stands in my estimation; and I think he is more original than even he, and that with all the finish and accuracy of the Dutch painters.

"I have read with great attention Mr. Blackett's specimens. There is a great deal of genius and power in most of them; and I think Mr. Pratt has done his *protege* great injustice by comparing him to that feeble vers-spinner Broomfield. It is sacrilege, in my opinion, even to name Shakespeare in speaking of

'Dwindled sons of little men;'

but if these specimens be fairly selected, and he continue to write and improve, he may approach very nearly to the standard of our *only* tragic poet of the present day, Joanna Baillie. This is something like a lawyer's opinion, sagely guarded with 'ifs' and 'buts,' which are extremely proper in all prophecies concerning poetical prodigies. As to Mr. Pratt's 'Contrast,' the poetry is good, and the politics are execrable. . . . I cannot write about Copenhagen, nor indeed about any thing just now. In the midst of my delight at Crabbe's poem, I feel a sort of unspeakable humiliation, much like what a farthing candle (if it could feel) would experience when the sun rises in all his glory and extinguishes its feeble rays."

It is fair to add that the two next letters show that their writer's judgment could, in those days, veer round with a curious rapidity. We will add merely another paragraph, dated during the same year, because we shall have occasion to refer to the same cordial spirit it displays as that manifested to herself at a later period. When Miss Mitford became herself a celebrity, her judgments steadied themselves, and became more constant and independent of sect or politics. But the generosity of her nature never failed her from first to last. The paragraph in question is from a letter to Sir William Elford, of Plymouth, one of her most valued correspondents during a long series of years: —

"I quite agree with you in your admiration of Miss Edgeworth. She and Miss Baillie and Mrs. Opie are three such women as have seldom adorned one age and one country. Of the three, I think I had rather (if such a metamorphosis were possible) resemble Miss Baillie. Yet Mrs. Opie is certainly not the least accomplished of the trio, and Miss Edgeworth has done more good both to the higher and lower world than any writer since the days of Addison. She



shoots at 'folly as it flies' with the strong bolt of ridicule, and seldom misses her aim. Perhaps you will think that I betray a strange want of taste when I confess that, much as I admire the polished satire and nice discrimination of character in the 'Tales of Fashionable Life,' I prefer the homely pathos and plain morality of her 'Popular Tales' to any part of her last publication. The story of 'Rosanna' is particularly delightful to me; and that of 'To-morrow' made so deep an impression on my mind that, if it were possible for any earthly power to reform a procrastinator, I really think that tale would have cured me of my evil habits. I actually rose two mornings a full hour before my usual time after reading it—pray, my dear sir, do not ask me what that hour is."

The year 1811 found Dr. Mitford in prison, and his wife and daughter writing to him to suggest expedients for his extrication. Strange to say—one confession of a later period excepted—they never seem to have wavered in confidence and affection, and never to have bemoaned the lot which tied them to one so worthless and so reckless. Miss Mitford's letters of this period are as full of sprightly detail as if they had not been written under the pressure of an anxious dread of impending want and shame. They are rich in sketches of character—as instance, the one of Mr. Edgeworth ("clarety, brisk, and endless," as Byron so happily called him), following a fair but shrewd criticism of his daughter's fictions:—

"I never can read Miss Edgeworth's works without finding the wonderful predominance of the head over the heart; all her personages are men and women; ay, and many of them very charming men and women; but they are all of them men and women of the world. . . . I am perfectly well inclined to agree with you in laying the tiresome parts of her works to her prosing father, who is, Mr Moore tells me, such a nuisance in society that in Ireland the person who is doomed to sit next him at dinner is consoled with just as if he had met with an overturn, or a fall from his horse, or any other deplorable casualty. I can readily believe that such condescension is well bestowed, for I had the misfortune to hear him make a speech last year at a Lancastrian meeting. It was to introduce a motion of thanks to Miss Lancaster for having extended her brother's invention to hemming and sewing and stitching. Now this, you know, is ticklish ground for gentlemen, and nothing short of great brevity and simplicity could preserve it from becoming ludicrous. But Mr. E. was really so learned and so technical on the subject, and talked so much about the protection which he and his family, particularly his daughter, had afforded to the invention, and the length of time that they had devoted to bringing the experiment to perfection, that I expected

every moment to see him produce some Lancastrian chemise, and go on in the style of his prefaces—"See, ladies and gentlemen, this seam: it was sewed and felled and brought to Miss Edgeworth in the year 1809; she patronizes it only in the year 1813. Observe the respect which Miss Edgeworth pays to the public," &c. &c."

And here is a judgment which it required some courage from a young woman who did not profess "emancipation" to venture in the face of a railing public. How far it has been proved just or otherwise, we have lived to see:—

"Are not Lord Byron's leave-taking verses beautiful? I believe I indulged myself with abusing him to you, but ever since those verses I have felt certain relenings towards the luckless author. Partly I believe this effect may be owing to some particles of contrariness in my disposition, which have been a good deal excited by the delicate morality of his admirers in this neighbourhood, who excuse themselves to themselves for their *ci-devant* admiration by a double portion of rancour towards his lordship and pity towards his wife. 'Poor Lady Byron!' 'Unfortunate victim!' 'Hapless sufferer!' and so forth, are her style and titles at present. Now without at all attempting to vindicate him or accuse her, I cannot help thinking this immense quantity of sympathy rather more than the case requires. Why did she marry him? for, to do the man justice, he was no hypocrite; his vices were public enough. Why did she marry him but to partake his celebrity and bask in the sunshine of his fame? And by what device of conjugal flattery could that object have been attained so fully as at present? She has now the comfort of being 'interesting' in the eyes of all men, and 'exemplary' in the mouths of all women; she has, moreover—and even I, spinster as I am, can feel that *this* must be solid consolation—she has, moreover, the delight of hating her husband, to the admiration and edification of the whole world."

The following is a true spinster's confession—the occasion being the wedding of a dear friend:—

"Pray, my dear friend, were you ever a bridesmaid? I rather expect you to say no, and I give you joy of your happy ignorance, for I am just now in the very agonies of the office, helping to buy and admire wedding clothes; and I do assure you that it is the most tiresome occupation that ever was devised for mortal woman. To be married myself would not be half the trouble. The bride elect is a fair neighbour of mine, who was, in silk and muslin, as delightful a madcap as ever rode home in the last hay-wagon: but ever since she has taken to gauze and satin, she is as dull as a duchess. Her head is a perfect milliner's shop. She plans out her wardrobe much as Phidias might



have planned the pantheon,—has never laughed since her pearls came home,—never smiled since she tried on her tissue gown,—and has had no sleep since the grand question of a lace bonnet with a plume, or a lace veil without one, for the grand occasion, came into discussion. She is to be married in about a fortnight, unless she first kills herself with anxiety for her wardrobe; and I am sure that if she is not married in that time, I shall die of fatigue in listening to it. She talks of nothing else; and I must talk of nothing else, or be silent. Dismal alternative! Peace be with her and speedy wedding—I am sure it will be a day of release for me."

There is no dealing with a collection of letters so varied in topics, so bright in style, so keen in their individual humour as the one before us, within any permissible limits. The new books, the new authors, or the old books by old friends; the rumours from the world without; the new painters, the new plays, the new flowers—are all discussed in the same lively manner, from week to week,—just as if the spectre Care was not, as is clearly shown, a constant inmate by the side of the hearth, a presence in the sleepless bed, and in the workwoman's vigil. In the year 1820 the bolt fell; the ruin was complete; and the daughter, mother, and degraded father were driven out from Bertram House, with its pretending family name, to take refuge in "a little village street, situate on the turnpike-road betwixt Basingstoke and Reading." "to a cottage—no, not a cottage—it does not deserve the name" (says the letter announcing the change), "a messuage or tenement, such as a little farmer who had made twelve or fourteen hundred pounds might retire to, when he left off business, to live on his means:"—

"It consists of a series of closets, the largest of which may be about eight feet square, which they call parlours, and kitchens, and pantries; some of them minus a corner, which has been unnaturally filched for a chimney; others deficient in half a side, which has been truncated by the shelving roof. Behind is a garden about the size of a good drawing-room, with an arbour which is a complete sentry-box of privet. On one side a public-house, on the other a village-shop, and right opposite a cobbler's stall.

"Notwithstanding all this, 'the cabin,' as Bobadil says, 'is convenient.' It is within reach of my dear old walks; the banks where I find my violets; the meadows full of cowslips; and the woods where the wood-sorrel blows. We are all beginning to get settled and comfortable, and resuming our usual habits. Papa has already had the satisfaction of setting the neighbourhood to rights by committing a disor-

derly person, who was the pest of the Cross, to Bridewell. Mamma has furbished up an old dairy, and made it into a not inconvenient store-room. I have lost my only key, and stuffed the garden with flowers. . . . It is an excellent lesson of condensation—one which we all wanted. Great as our merits might be in some points, we none of us excelled in compression. Mamma's tidiness was almost as diffuse as her daughter's litter. Papa could never tell a short story—nor could papa's daughter (as you well know) ever write a short letter. I expect we shall be much benefited by this squeeze; though at present it sets upon us as uneasily as tight stays, and is just as awkward looking. Indeed, my great objection to a small room always was its extreme unbecomingness to one of my enormity. I really seem to fill it—like a blackbird in a goldfinch's cage. The parlour looks all me. Nevertheless, 'the cabin is convenient,' as I said before."

From a letter of a later date:—

"You will be glad to hear that my dear father continues to recover, although he has not yet got up his strength. My mother is better too. Some little hay was got in in a magical sort of way between the showers. The Northumberland people have an idiom of '*saving hay*' for '*making hay*'—which is exceedingly proper for this year, when all hay not spoilt by the wet may literally be said to be saved. I tell you all these little pieces of good fortune, because as I generally trouble you with my bad news, it seems but fair to give you a glimpse of the sun when it does peep out for a minute between the showers. I should not omit, when reckoning up my felicities just now, to tell you that my little garden is a perfect rosary—the greenest and most blossomy nook that ever the sun shone upon. It is almost shut in by buildings; one a long open shed, very pretty, a sort of rural arcade, where we sit. On the other side is an old granary to which we mount by outside wooden steps, also very pretty. Then there is an opening to a little court, also backed by buildings, but with room enough to let in the sunshine, the north-west sunshine, that comes aslant in summer evenings through and under a large elder-tree. One end is closed by our pretty irregular cottage, which, as well as the granary, is covered by cherry-trees, vines, roses, jessamine, honeysuckle, and grand spires of hollyhocks. The other is comparatively open, showing over high pales the blue sky and a range of woody hills. All and every part is untrimmed, antique, weather-stained, and lonely as can be imagined—gratifying the eye by its picturesqueness, and the mind by the certainty that no pictorial effect was intended—that it owes all its charms to 'rare accident.'"

In this tiny retreat the happiest and best of Miss Mitford's days were passed, and her greatest sorrows endured. She never murmured at its smallness and shabbiness;

she had to work incessantly to provide comforts for her gentle fading mother, and indulgences for her reckless, faithless father; but it was there that her real powers were matured and perfected. She was used to say that she would never have put a line on paper had she not been driven to it by necessity; but this may have been an affectation, or (to be more lenient) self-delusion, or that confession of the nothingness of fame which has been common to many men and women of genius who have achieved distinction. It was no light privilege to be able to attract to herself the most gifted persons of her time; to succeed in one of the most hazardous and arduous walks of literature and poetical art — acted tragedy; and to create a school of minute home-landscape painting in pen and ink. Her relish of society, of literature, of scenery, became deeper, more delicate, and more Catholic, with every year as it passed. These compensations bore her through an amount of toil, endurance, and ever-gnawing care which would have worn down into the grave any woman of a less elastic spirit and less real power long ere the day of departure came.

To the period in question belong an anecdote or two, which may be told without offence. The notorious absence of mind of Bowles, the poet, makes the following scene all the more whimsical: —

"I had the honour a few weeks ago to be introduced to your friend Mr. Bowles, the poet. I must tell you the story. Going into Dr. Valpy's back way, I met the old butler. 'Are the ladies in the parlour, Newman?' 'Yes, ma'am — and, ma'am, there's Mr. Bowles, the poet,' quoth Newman. Well I thought, I shall be very glad to see him, and in I walked. The Doctor met me at the door, snatched my hand, led me triumphantly up to the window where Mr. Bowles was standing, and then snatched his hand and endeavoured to join the two after the fashion of the marriage ceremony (you know how that is, my dear Sir William), introducing him as 'Mr. Bowles, the poet,' but calling me, as I have since remembered, nothing but 'Mary.' Mr. Bowles, rather astounded, drew back. I astonished in my turn at such a way of receiving the daughter of an old acquaintance (for my father has known him these thirty years), drew back too, and between us we left the dear Doctor in worse consternation than either, standing alone in the window. A minute after Miss Valpy asked after Dr. Mitford, and all was immediately right. Mr. Bowles was very pleasant and sociable, talked a great deal of Lord Byron and the Pope question, in which we exactly agree, and in which, from not having read the prosy pamphlet in which he has so marred his own good cause, I was able to agree with him most conscientiously."

Another deserves a place among the curiosities of country manners, date 1822: —

"I met with a great curiosity about a month ago — a lady who had never read, scarcely heard of, the Scotch novels. She was called by all Reading: 'a remarkably clever, sensible, accomplished woman' (you know that, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, ladies of this character are eminently foolish), educated her daughters, talked Italian, read Latin, and understood thorough-bass. She came into a friend's house where I was calling, and, finding the 'Pirate' on the table, poured out at once this ostentatious ignorance. You never saw anybody so proud of not knowing what all the world knows — never! She actually looked down upon us, till I thought my friend was going to be ashamed, and make apologies for having read these glorious books. She took heart, however (my friend), and the lady visitor began to inquire what the Scotch novels were — "'Waverley'?" She had heard of 'Waverley.' "'The Scottish Chiefs'?" "Oh, no! certainly not the "Scottish Chiefs" — and why we praised them; and at last, hearing that there was nothing very contaminating for her daughters, and that, at all events, as they would infallibly catch the disorder some day or the other, they might as well be inoculated under her own eye, she consented to borrow this "Waverley," of which she had heard, and which we, moreover, assured her was historical. She returned it in a day or two with a short critique, intimating that there was much trash in the book, but that some parts were tolerable. I think of cultivating her acquaintance; besides, I want to see the Misses (they are grown up). I wonder what form vanity takes in them, and what they say about 'Waverley'!"

The letters here published concerning the production of Miss Mitford's four successful tragedies — "The Foscari," "Julian," "Rienzi," and "Charles the First" — contain yet another contribution to the story of the complaints and difficulties of dramatists; yet another testimony to the fascination with which the theatre, that "loadstone rock" (to borrow one of Mr. Dickens's happy figures), — attracts authors of a certain taste and temperament, be they ever so conversant with the weary history of vicissitude, intrigue, vanity, and uncertainty, as old as the play-house itself. Beside these three were three tragedies — a "Fiesco," an "Inez di Castro" (twice in rehearsal), an "Otto of Wittelsbach," never produced; and an opera, "Sadak and Kalasrade," written for an inferior musician, which was only once performed. Wretchedly played and sung as it was, it hardly deserved a better fate. The music, by a now forgotten pupil of our Academy of Music, was heavy and value-

less; and the dramatist, though graceful and fresh as a lyrist, had not the instinct, or had not mastered the secret of writing for music. The difference will be at once felt by any one who compares Miss Mitford's songs with the delicious airs and choruses which give so much beauty to Joanna Baillie's tragedies.

Nearly enough has been said in statement of the outlines of Miss Mitford's chequered life, and the peculiarity of her literary position; and yet the year 1830, only, is reached. From that time till the end came, trials gradually deepened and gathered round her. First, her mother died; and the weight which Dr. Mitford's selfishness had divided between two forbearing women had now to be borne by one. It is no wonder that the ceaseless and unreasonable claims on her time, already adverted to, and the ceaseless forestalling of every guinea which could be wrung from her, bore with increasing weight on the health of a woman no longer young, and on creative power originally limited, and which required some aliment in addition to a sense of duty prompted by self-delusion. The strain told on Miss Mitford's writings. She began to repeat herself; to finish less carefully than formerly. Though overtaxed and imprisoned by the selfish being whom she tended lovingly to the day of his death, and whom she survived only a few years, she retained most of her staunch and generous friends distinguished in literature and art, and to the last added new ones to the list. When it came to be understood that her father's long illness and death had involved her in pecuniary difficulties, some of the noblest and best persons of England, rallying round her, without undue publicity, ministered immediate and sufficient relief to her anxiety. A pension, from the limited sum at the disposal of the Ministry, was accorded to her, with every gracious recognition of her claims. But the relief and ease came to her, so to say, only a few brief hours before sunset and the long night. Her health had been irretrievably impaired during the year of pain and labour described, and sunk slowly. She was compelled, by the falling to ruin of the cottage at Three Mile Cross, to remove to a less comfortable home at Swallowfield, a few miles beyond it. There her death, hastened by a carriage accident, took place on the 10th of January, 1855. "The coffin was laid in a place in the Churchyard of Swallowfield selected by herself, and the spot is marked by a granite cross, which was erected to her memory by the contributions of a few of her oldest friends."

Thus much of the woman's private life, and of the circumstances under which her works were produced. A few words may be added in reference to their two-fold nature and quality.

First, as to the best among them—her pictures of rural life and scenery. "Our Village," which may be said, without caricature, to have become a classic, and to have set the fashion in literature of a series of sketches of home scenery and natural life—akin to the woodcuts of Bewick, or the etchings of Read of Salisbury—will bear return and reprint, so long as the taste for close observation and miniature painting of scenery and manners shall last. It was probably, like many an other creation of the kind, begun by chance; its writer led on from picture to picture, from conceit to conceit, from character to character, as her work proceeded. One quality may be mentioned which recommended Miss Mitford's village sketches from their first appearance—the clearness and purity of the language in which they are written. When we think of the dashes, indications, epithets misapplied, makeshifts in point of grammatical construction which are to-day tolerated, we come to understand, in part, how men of high scholarship and various acquirement at once recognized the contributions, unobtrusive but complete in their finish, which came from a Berkshire village. They may be laid by, but they will not, we predict, be forgotten. "Belford Regis," a series of country and town sketches, intended to embrace a wider range of characters is, like most sequels in imaginative literature, a comparative failure.

Miss Mitford's tragedies are less easy to deal with; our present duty not being that of Mr. Curdle, in "Nicholas Nickleby," who held forth weightily on the unities and disunities of modern tragedy. And yet the female dramatists are a group well worth considering,—the list including such widely differing celebrities as Afra Behn, Margaret Duchess of Newcastle, Susanna Centlivre, Mrs. Cowley, Fanny Burney, Hannah More, Joanna Baillie, Barbarina Lady Dacre, Felicia Hemans;—not to forget Mrs. Gore, with her prize comedy; Miss Landon, the Princess Amalia of Saxony, Mrs. Fanny Kemble, Madame de Girardin (whose "*La joie fait peur*" contains one of the few stage inventions of modern times), and Madame Dudevant, who has succeeded in planting French country life and peasant manners on the Parisian stage. It would be hard to name one of the sisterhood who planted her foot on the boards so firmly as Miss Mitford and who gained and main-

tained her successes in a manner so honourable to herself, and withal so creditable to womanhood. On this a word remains to be said.

Female jealousy is a theme as old as the tongue of male sarcasm. Phillis and Brunetta are, after all, only expressions of the grudging, vying, uncharitable spirit with which beauties, wits, leaders of fashion, or political intriguers have, since the age of Fair Rosamond, been credited with regard to one another. But a protest of singular and significant force is contained in this book. In no arena of literature are envy and all "uncharitableness" more notoriously provoked than in the theatre. Personal vanity, immediate triumph, rivalry to be cajoled, animosity to be silenced, defects and excellences of interpretation to be allowed for or encouraged—all come into the amusing, fascinating, and yet rueful history of Drama, and its production. But in the book under notice nothing is more remarkable than the graceful generosity of dramatic authoresses to a dramatic authoress. None of the sisterhood seems to have held back from cordial recognition of certainly the greatest and most continuous success in serious drama won by any English woman. Miss Mitford's four plays—the "*Foscari*," produced under the disadvantage of what might have been thought rivalry with Byron; "*Julian*," more successful; "*Rienzi*," yet more clear, powerful, and sustained (as such gracefully complimented by Lord Lytton, in the preface to his best historical romance); "*Charles the First*," in spite of the tremendous difficulties of its subject—all made their mark at the time of their appearance. The best of them, "*Rienzi*," may possibly reappear should the Fates resuscitate poetical tragedy, and withal, vouchsafe us actors able to understand and instructed to deliver verse. These tragedies were all warmly greeted, and the greetings came more warmly from none than from female dramatists—Mrs. Joanna Baillie, whose "*De Montfort*" had the rare advantage of being interpreted by Mrs. Siddons, and her less glorious, but still glorious, brother, John Kemble;—and whose "*Henriquet*"—a tragedy produced some quarter of a century later—contains one of the strong-

est and most original situations existing in any play ancient or modern; a woman who loved and who wrought for the stage,—Mrs. Hemans, whose "*Vespers of Palermo*" failed—to name the two most distinguished poetesses out of a long list—were one and all eager in their expression of welcome and sympathy. This cannot have been grimace in place of reality; no manifestation having been called for. It tells well for both the givers and the receiver of the praise. One so catholic and cordial as Miss Mitford generally was in admitting the excellences of writers so widely apart one from the other as some of her favourites, was only justly repaid by the kind construction of her rivals and contemporaries.

Let it be added that Miss Mitford was neither egotistic nor arrogant in producing herself and her works, as themes for conversation with her admirers, some of whom (may it not be said?), especially those from America, desired nothing better than to assail her with an incense of compliment, though high-flown, sincere enough to have turned a weaker head than her own. When we think of Madame D'Arblay's diary, which, bright and clever as it is, is in too many of its pages little more than a hymn in her own praise, sung at "the request of friends"; when we think of the complacent accounts which Hannah More's letters contain of the success of her "*Percy*"—so justly styled by Mrs. Piozzi a foolish play—her propriety, "which" (as Horace Walpole put it) "is a grace when all other graces have fled," rises by retrospect and comparison. It is not a genuine love of letters that will save its owner from foolish self-occupation;—but the absence of such spirit in man or woman who has earned distinction makes them endearing no less than admirable. We believe that few who consider such an example as this in conjunction with the sparing revelations of hard and, it might have been assumed, hardening trial to be derived from Miss Mitford's correspondence will fail to value such an abstinence from self-glorification as something not common in the world of letters,—most especially in the quarter of it inhabited by those whom one Jonathan Oldbuck scornfully called "the women-kind."

THE Rev. Prof. Maurice has a triple subject in hand, for which he is eminently fitted,—namely, "Huss, Wylyffe and Latimer." If he

will fix, once for all, the spelling of the second name, he will oblige many persons who are at present perplexed.

Athenæum.



From The Athenæum.  
 ENTOZOA.\*

WE have already reviewed at some length Dr. Cobbold's larger work on Entozoa, and the present publication consists of further observations, experiments and criticisms on the same important subject. On many of the strange and abnormal creatures there treated of, we have in the present volume the record of further elaborate investigation, which has resulted in facts of practical value, as well as of scientific interest. The possessors of the original volume will find that the present one is necessarily supplemental to it: it adds facts, it corrects errors arising from previously imperfect knowledge, and completes the biological history of several species.

It is not necessary to insist upon the importance which attaches to a knowledge of the history of the apparently anomalous forms which are grouped together under the term *Entozoa*. The ravages which many of the species inflict upon health and life can only be satisfactorily obviated by an acquaintance with the changes which most of them undergo and the conditions under which they are to be met in the course of their metamorphic existence. It is not, therefore, in their relation to physiological research merely that the study is interesting. Its practical bearing on the treatment of severe and fatal forms of disease is even more important; and it is only when the investigations are conducted by those who combine scientific acumen with medical knowledge that the results can be satisfactory in a practical point of view. This combination is found in an unusual degree in the author of this work, who has contributed more to the elucidation and application of this subject than any other individual in this or any other country.

The first essay in the volume is devoted to an inquiry into the various claims to priority in the discovery of the existence and nature of the now too well known muscle parasite *Trichina spiralis*. It is not necessary to discuss this question here. We may, however, state, from our personal knowledge, that Mr. Hilton was the first anatomist to detect the true parasitic nature of these specks in the human muscle. The animal was drawn and described by him before any other person had gone further than to notice the existence of these white specks, an observation probably due to Mr. Paget. Of more importance were the later

researches of Zenker, who "first observed the young in the act of migration, and was the first to demonstrate that these parasites were capable of giving rise to a violent disease of the human body."

The question as to what animals amongst those ordinarily used as food are liable to be infested by them, and capable of communicating them to man or to each other, forms the subject of Dr. Cobbold's second essay in the present volume; and the results as regards the probabilities of any extensive mischief occurring in this country are satisfactory. "*Trichinous flesh*," that is, flesh infested by these minute parasites, "was administered to no less than twenty-nine animals of twelve different species." The results as here given, correspond very closely with those obtained by investigators on the Continent. The seven experiments on birds (including five fowls, one goose, and one crow) were all negative. Of the mammals experimented upon "the negatives comprehended three sheep, two dogs, one pig, and a mouse. The positives included four dogs, two cats, one pig, a guinea-pig, and a hedgehog." Thus it appears that, as far as these experiments go — and they were not only sufficiently numerous but carefully conducted — the only animal of those used as human food, in which the parasite was introduced by feeding upon trichinized flesh, was the pig. Dr. Cobbold comes to the conclusion that —

"Looking at the subject in relation to the public health, I have no hesitation in saying that a good deal of unnecessary fear has been created in this country. No doubt the Imperial authority in Russia had good grounds for recently issuing an order prohibiting the importation of pork into that country, since severe epidemics of Trichiniasis had occurred in neighbouring German states. In this country, however, ordinary precautions will suffice. English swine are almost entirely, if not absolutely, free from this so-called disease; and not a single case of Trichiniasis in the living human subject has been diagnosed in the United Kingdom. Some twenty or thirty cases have been discovered *post mortem*; and it is highly probable that most, if not all, of these trichinized individuals had contracted the disease by eating German pork-sausages or other preparations of foreign meat."

Of the multitudinous propagation of these minute pests an idea may be formed from the following fact. Dr. Cobbold fed a cat with a small portion of trichinized flesh from the muscles of the tongue. In about ten days the animal showed marked symptoms of Trichiniasis; and on killing it some time after, thousands of the para-

\* *Entozoa*; being a Supplement to the Introduction to the Study of Helminthology. By T. Spencer Cobbold, M.D. (Groombridge.)



sites were found propagated in the various muscles; and Dr. Cobbold says, that if all the muscles in the body from which the portion of the tongue was taken, which was the means of introducing them into the cat had been equally infested, he believes that 100,000,000 would be no exaggeration. In some parts a needle's point could not be thrust between them.

Of the remaining chapters several are on subjects of equal or even greater interest in a biological point of view, and exhibit the same caution and Intelligence in experiment and deduction; to these, however, we can only allude, referring our medical and scientific readers to the work itself for interesting facts and conclusions.

THE MANUFACTURE OF AUTOGRAPHS. — A few days since, an old woman who called herself the Mere Michel — the Mother Hubbard of France, with a cat instead of a dog — entered the shop of a Paris publisher, known as a great amateur of autographs, and offered him, at a comparatively low price, a collection of letters by Beranger, Rossini, Meyerbeer, Rachel, Buchez, Talleyrand, and other notabilities great and small, which she stated she was commissioned to sell for a collector who had fallen into bad circumstances. The publisher, already the possessor of a great number of autographs, some of them very rare — as rare as those offered by La Mere Michel — was delighted with such an opportunity of enriching his collection, and bought the tempting documents a rare bargain. Charmed with his acquisition, he rushed off with the precious papers to an *archiviste-paleologue expert en autographes*, M. Charavay, who, after careful examination, declared the autographs to be forgeries, but the work of some one possessing the imitative faculty in a very high degree. Away went the victim and the expert to Mere Michel's address, but no such person was known at the house in question, although she had been inquired for by many persons. A few days afterwards Mere Michel called upon M. Charavay himself — walked, in fact, right into the lion's mouth; for the expert guessed that his visitor and Mere Michel were one and the same person; and Mere Michel was introduced first to a Sergent de Ville, and afterwards to a Commissary of Police. Mere Michel turned out to be Mere H —, living in a very out-of-the-way little place on the edge of Paris, Sevallois-Perret; but in her apartments, furnished with great taste and almost sumptuously, were found a library containing a good many rare books, a number of autographs, genuine and forged, — a complete collection of specimens of old hand-writings, fac-similes of the signatures of nearly every remarkable person that had lived the last hundred years or so, a mass of parchment and leaves of paper taken out of old books; in fact, all the plant and stock-in-trade of a wholesale manufacturer of autographs of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. In the presence of such damning proofs Mere H —, burst into a flood of tears, and on a little pressure avowed

that he was the author of all the autographs, and that he had pursued the trade for a long time because the modest salary which he received from the assurance company in which he was a clerk "did not enable him to live and bear his numerous charges," — whatever they may be.

Young H — was arrested at his desk in the office of the company, actually at work on a copy of a letter of Silvio Pellico, of which four other examples were found in his house. He is described as twenty-eight years of age, extremely intelligent, "*tres erudit*," and endowed with calligraphic skill enough to entitle him to rank among famous penmen.

Autographs have of late years been sold publicly at very low prices in Paris, a fact accounted for by the knowledge or suspicion of the activity of professors of the art of historic calligraphy. This fabrication of materials for biographical history is very abominable; but who can be surprised at its existence when members of the *Institut* and *libraires-bibliographes* are so easily duped! By the way, what has become of M. Charles's friend? We have never heard of him since he was arrested. Will he meet Monsieur and Madame H — and beguile the weary hours with dissertations on the History and Progress of Calligraphy? Atheneum.

THE Ottoman Government is giving its support to a project of Mr. Netter, of Constantinople, to found an Agricultural school for Jews in Palestine. Funds have been raised in Turkey and Germany. Many Jews migrate to Jerusalem, but, together with those resident, spend an idle life. The Porte concurs with those who think that a development of the resources of Palestine and promoting industry among the Jews will be of general advantage.

A BOOK illustrative of the character and personal history of the Wesleys, by the Rev. J. B. Wakely, is nearly ready.

From The Athenæum.  
PRINTING IN CHINA.

EVERY newly ascertained fact respecting printing has an importance for the world; and although the progress of the art in China is entirely unconnected, we believe, with its progress in Europe, it is interesting to know what the Orientals had already done in the way of the multiplication of works of art at a time when monks in the West were toiling at the reproduction of manuscripts.

Klaproth, in his treatise on the Compass — *Mémoire sur la Boussole* — says that the first use of wooden blocks for printing dates from the middle of the tenth century of the Christian era. He says, "Under the reign of Ming-tsong, of the dynasty of the later Thang, in the second of the years Tchang-hing (932 A.D.), the ministers Fong-tao and Li-yu proposed to the Academy Koue-tseu-kien to revise the nine King, or canonical books, and to cause them to be engraved on blocks in order that they might be printed and sold. The Emperor adopted the proposition: but it was not until the time of the Emperor Thai-tsou, of the dynasty of the latter Tcheou, in the second of the years Kouang-chun (952 A.D.) that the engraving of the King was accomplished. They were then published and distributed throughout all the cantons of the empire." The same author adds: "Printing, originating in China, might have been known in Europe 150 years before it was discovered there if Europeans could have read and studied the Persian historians; for the method employed by the Chinese is pretty clearly explained in the Djemma'a el-tewarikh of Râchid-eddin, who completed his immense work about the year 1310 A.D."

The subject has again come before the world through the labours of M. Stanislas Julien and M. Paul Champion, a chemist, who has spent some time in China in order to compare the industries of that country with the accounts found in native works, and to give the European world a practical and scientific account of the methods there employed. Their work is entitled "*Industries Anciennes et Modernes de l'Empire Chinois*, par M. Stanislas Julien, accompagnées de Notices par M. Paul Champion," &c. (Paris, Lacroix).

MM. Julien and Champion go beyond M. Klaproth, and say that Europeans might have known printing 860 years before they did had they been in relation with China a few years before the commencement of the seventh century. With the process then known, imperfect as it was, it would have

been possible to reproduce, at small cost, the master-works of Greek and Roman antiquity, and to have preserved a great number from the loss that is now irreparable.

If this be true, engraving on wood for the reproduction of text and drawings in China is infinitely more ancient than has been hitherto believed. The proofs are numerous. In the Chinese Encyclopædia, "Ke-tchi-king-youen," book xxxix. fol. 2, is the following passage: — "In the eighth day of the twelfth month of the thirteenth year of the reign of Wen-ti, founder of the dynasty of the Soui (593 A.D.) it was decreed that all drawings and texts in use should be collected and engraved on wood in order to be published." "This," adds the Chinese author, "was the commencement of printing by means of wooden blocks; and it will be seen that it occurred long before the epoch of Fong-ing-wang or Fong-tao, by whom it is said to have been invented about the year 932 A.D."

According to a Chinese encyclopædia, entitled "Po-t'ong-pien-lân," book xxi. fol. 10, which cites an earlier work, called "Pi-tsong," printing with wooden blocks commenced in the reign of the Soui as early as 581 A.D., advanced sensibly under the Thang (618 to 904 A.D.), increased rapidly under the five petty dynasties (907 to 960), and reached its full development, under the dynasty of the Song, between 960 and 1278. Now, supposing that the Chinese authors quoted did not all draw upon their imagination for the facts in question, this is startling evidence. Another Chinese writer, who lived in the middle of the eleventh century of our era, says positively that the invention of printing by means of wooden blocks dates back full 400 years before the time of Fong-ing-wang, to whom many Chinese writers, and Europeans after them, have attributed it. It appears, indeed, that it was already known and in use before the year 593; for in that year the Emperor ordered certain things to be printed without anything being said about the art being new.

Between the invention of wooden blocks for printing and that of movable types, came printing from stone, — an invention believed to be unknown hitherto to the missionaries and *savants* of Europe. As early as the middle of the second century of the Christian era, it was the custom in China to engrave ancient texts on stone tablets in order to guard against the errors that crept in through the carelessness or ignorance of scribes. In the biography of Tsai-yong, in the annals of the latter Han, is the following passage: — "In the fourth year of

the period Ai-ping (175 A.D.), Tsai-yong presented a memorial to the Emperor, praying him to cause the text of the six canonical books to be revised, corrected and settled; it was subsequently written by the memorialist himself, in red characters on stone tablets, and able artists were employed to cut away all the blank portions of the stone, leaving the characters in relief. These tables were placed without the doors of the grand college, and the *literati* of all ages went daily to consult these tablets in order to correct their copies of the precious books." Of course, there was originally nothing in these tablets more connected with printing than in the Egyptian obelisks or the Damietta stone. Their object was simply the preservation of the sacred writings.

Towards the end of the Thang dynasty, about the year 904 A.D., the idea of using stones for reproduction arose, and texts were cut for this purpose, with the characters reversed. In this case the proceeding was the opposite of the former, the characters were incised, and, consequently, the printing was white on a black ground. The practice of printing from wooden blocks had, it seems, either never been largely practised or had fallen into disuse, for Eou-yang-sieon, in his archaeological treatise, entitled "Tsi-kou-lo," says that during the troubles which arose after the extinction of the Thang dynasty, Ouen-tao opened the imperial tombs and possessed himself of the manuscripts and paintings inclosed there. He appropriated the envelopes and rouleaux, which were of gold, studded with precious stones, but left the documents where he found them; and thus the autograph manuscripts of the most eminent men of the Wei and Tsin dynasties, which the Emperors had preserved with religious care, were lost or fell into unworthy hands. But this accident, like so many others, was productive of important results, for in the eleventh month of the thirteenth year of the Chun-hoa period (992 A.D.) the Emperor Thai-tsung decreed that all the manuscripts which could be recovered by purchase or otherwise should be engraved on stone and printed. The mode employed at that time was, after the stone was inked to lay the paper upon it and pass the hand over the back of the sheet; at present the Chinese use a brush for the same purpose, and thus produce far more perfect impressions.

No record seems to have been found of the manuscripts thus reproduced; but in the cyclopedia entitled "Tchi-pou-tso-tch'ai" is embodied a work in two books, in which

is a minute description of all the antique inscriptions and autographs of celebrated men reproduced in the manner described, that is to say, in white on a black ground, between the years 1143 and 1243 of the Christian era.

The practice of printing from wooden blocks seems to have been abandoned for a time, for we are told that from the period when Fong-ing-wang printed the five books of the King on stone that process was adopted for the publication of legal and historical works.

We now arrive at another step in the development of printing. In the period King-Li, between 1041 and 1049 A.D., according to the book last quoted, a blacksmith, named Pi-ching, invented a method of printing with what were called *ho-pan* or blocks composed of type. This word "*ho-pan*" is used at the present day in the imperial printing-office at Peking for the forms used in that establishment. The method adopted by Pi-ching is thus described:—He made use of fine adhesive clay, which he formed into small regular cakes as thin as the pieces of money called *Thsien*, and on these he engraved the characters most frequently in use; and these types he burned in fire to harden them. A sheet of iron was placed upon a table, and covered with a coat of very fusible mastic composed of resin, wax and lime; an iron form, with vertical divisions to form columns, according to the Chinese mode of writing from the top to the bottom of the page, was laid upon the prepared iron plate and kept in position by the mastic; the types were then arranged close to each other in the columns, and when the whole of these were filled, the form was carried to the fire, in order to soften the cement, then returned to the table, when the types were forced into the mastic uniformly by means of a flat piece of wood, precisely like the planer in use for a similar purpose at the present day, and the face of the type was as equal as that of an engraved block of wood or stone. Two forms were used at the same time, so that as soon as a sufficient number of impressions had been taken from one page of type another was ready to complete the sheet, which then, as now, in Chinese printing, contained only two pages of printed matter, and both on the same side, the sheet being folded in half with the double edge outwards for binding.

Pi-ching multiplied his types sometimes to the extent of twenty; and the duplicates not in use were kept carefully wrapped up in paper. The types were classed accord-

ing to the tonic arrangement; and each class had its own particular case. When a character occurred that had not been previously prepared, a type was engraved, and, being dried by means of a straw fire, could be used immediately. The reasons given for the inventor not having used wooden types are, that the tissue of wood is hard in one place and soft in another, and that when wetted it becomes uneven; and further, that, when once in contact with the cement, wooden types could not easily be removed, whereas with terra-cotta types, the moment the form was done with and the iron plate warmed, they could be swept off with the hand without a particle of the mastic or even a stain remaining upon their surfaces.

When Pi-ching died, his companions, or partners, inherited his types, and preserved them with great care; but the invention fell out of use. And this is not surprising when we consider the nature of the Chinese language, for, in order to be able to print all kinds of works, it would have been necessary to have 106 cases, that being the number of sounds in the tonic arrangement. It was easier and more expeditious to paste the text down on the surface of a block and cut out the whites with a graver, as is practiced at the present day. From the death of Pi-ching down to a comparatively recent date, the Chinese seemed to have adhered constantly to this system of block-printing, but using for superior work copper-plates instead of wood.

It was not until after 1662 that another change took place. In the reign of the Emperor Khang-hi certain missionaries, who enjoyed credit with that monarch, induced him to cause 250,000 movable types in copper to be engraved, which were used for printing a collection of ancient works, which formed 6,000 volumes, in 4to. This edition is admirably printed, and some of the works composing it are to be found in European libraries. Some years afterwards these types were all melted, and it took a century to replace them.

In the year 1773, the Emperor Khien-long decreed that 10,412 of the most important works in the Chinese language should be engraved on wood and printed at the cost of the State, but the Minister of Finance, Kin-kien, seeing the enormous number of blocks that would be required, and the immense expense that would be incurred, succeeded in persuading the Emperor to adopt the system of movable types, and submitted models of those required, arranged on sixteen plates, and accompanied by all the necessary instructions for the cutting of the

dies, the striking of the matrices, the founding of the type and the composition. The ministerial proposition was adopted, and the works were ordered to be printed. A catalogue, descriptive and *raisonné*, published by imperial order and bearing the formidable title of "Sse-kou-thsiouen-chou-tsong-mo-ti-yao," gives a full account of the above-mentioned works, and fills 120 vols. 8vo. This catalogue, which is to be found in the Bibliothèque Impériale of Paris, also contains a narrative of the undertaking.

The result of the decree was the establishment in the Palace of Peking of an edifice known as the Wou-ying-tien, in which a considerable number of works were printed every year by means of movable types, which received from the Emperor himself, it is said, the elegant appellation of *tsiutchin*, or assembled pearls. The editions there printed are of remarkable beauty. Unfortunately the establishment has recently been burnt down.

The official report which precedes one of these editions records a fact which may serve as a hint to Europeans. Our steel punches and copper matrices are exceedingly costly and liable to rust and oxidation. The Chinese have escaped both these evils by cutting their punches, or rather dies, in a fine-grained hard wood, the cost of which is between a halfpenny and a penny per type, and produce their matrices in a kind of porcelain: these are afterwards baked and from them are cast the types in an alloy of lead and zinc, sometimes mixed with silver. The justification of matrices composed of such material would seem a very difficult matter, on account of the shrinking in the fire, but works printed with types thus produced exhibit perfect regularity. Even if such matrices be unfitted for small type, it is possible that they might be found all-efficient for large and special characters.

Such is the history of the revolutions which the art of multiplying documents has undergone in China during some twelve centuries. At the present day, printing by means of movable types is making its way gradually in that country, and probably before long the use of wooden blocks will be discontinued. Many important works have issued from private presses; amongst others, "Wout-hsien-heou-pien," a treatise on the military art, in twenty-four volumes; "Li-tai-ti-li-yan-pien," a tonic dictionary of the names of towns, in sixteen volumes, 4to.; "Hai-koué-thou-tchi," a descriptive geography of the globe, from Chinese and European sources, in twenty volumes, 4to. These editions are far from rivalling those of the



imperial press, but they are well executed, and more correct than those obtained from wooden blocks, as the Chinese printers, in using movable types, have naturally adopted the European system of proofs and revises.

G. W. Y.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

PECULIARITIES OF SOME FEMALE NOVELISTS.

THE art or trade of story-telling in three volumes has become a branch of industry of which the ladies are securing for themselves almost a monopoly. The great bales of fiction which are constantly manufactured owe their chief proportions and bulk to female talent and diligence. A ready price is paid for many of these wares once the brand has become fairly recognized in the market. Considering that the goods are consumed in vast quantities by young people, it may not be out of place or unimportant to direct attention to certain qualities in them which strike us as calculated to do an enormous amount of harm.

A few years ago an authoress, it will be remembered, made a hit with a touching tale of murder and bigamy. With this work was born the type of creature who has since served in a thousand disguises the exigencies of modern romance of a certain class. A combination of ferocity and passion with sleekness and beauty proved a wonderfully popular favourite. It was not so generally known that the entertainment furnished by the vagaries of a *Lady Audley* had been previously tried before those whom we believe Mr. Trollope has termed the unknown public. Readers of housemaid literature had long been familiar with the humours of damsels with glittering eyes and blood on their hands, just as the spectators of transpontine drama had been educated into admiration for diving effects in the theatres a decade before a West-end audience had an opportunity of appreciating the histrionic plunge into a feather-bed. At any rate the gore and bigamy notion had a famous run. The lady authoresses went into the various complications incidental to sins against monogamy with a startling force and minutiae. The publishers deluged us with narratives of lovely furies, until at length murmurs were heard demanding variety. A few enterprising writers tried the effect of trigamy, but even a clever idea may be pushed too far, and it was found that trigamy was as difficult a business to manage and render

interesting as to drive tandem with safety or pleasure. It was abandoned, and there occurred a season of sultry repose, during which there was nothing definite in the atmosphere of feminine novels, save a general feeling of disquiet and vague inclination to revolt against social codes in the characters suggestive of the movements of pigs or of cats when thunder and lightning is brooding over head.

Gradually signs of a fresh fashion began to appear. Like other fashions in which ladies are concerned, the development was not sudden. By degrees as slow as the extinction of the coal-scuttle bonnet, and the substitution in its place of a wisp of dead hair and a beetle, the ladies began to withdraw the pictures of their own sex, and to present us with studies of ours. At first they were satisfied to give us outlines with suits of clothes hung on them—for the sawdust and stuffing they relied on venerable traditions; but after a time the more courageous of the craft perceived an opening for a far more profitable scheme of operations. The Rev. Charles Kingsley was preaching the doctrine of muscles. There was a taste for biceps which culminated, it was said, in a bishop in mufti attending the fight between Sayers and Heenan. Two or three clever gentlemen had invented novels in which the heroes were at once herculean and tender. The female authoresses saw their opportunity. Henceforward thews and sinews were the words to win by; the household troops the sure find for the raw material. Of course, when they were about it, they went far beyond the gentlemen authors. Suppose the heroes of the latter were cold, luxurious, seductive, and gigantic, the heroes of the former were iced instead of refrigerated, used gold latch-keys in place of silver ditto, ruined scores of women in place of a miserable half-dozen, and, if put to it, would match themselves after a little training not merely to kill an ox with a blow from the fist, but to enter themselves against Samson for such a feat as the carriage of the gates of Gaza. And the authoresses became far more particular and special than their teachers. They did not shrink from even anatomical researches. They were not satisfied, as their ancient sisterhood were, in exploring what used to be called the recesses of the human heart. They kept nothing from us that they knew; and that we venture to assert must have provoked many odd sentiments as to their occupation and tastes in the minds even of the heavy dragoons who may have stumbled across the pages in which their corps had been worshipped with a fervour more flat-



tering to its recipients than creditable to those who organize the ritual.

It would almost appear, it certainly does appear as far as we know, that men are not half so bad or so silly as female novelists would have them to be. And yet they might be satisfied with using up the vice and the folly that really exist without drawing on their precious fancies for new immoralities. We do not say that many of them would not be better employed than in meddling with such topics at all, and might save us from a disagreeable responsibility if they had stuck to the piano; but as they will insist on depicting the interior life of cavalry officers, it is not unfair to ask them to acquire the preliminary facts, and not to charge a body of men with gross habits which they have no opportunity of repudiating. But where do these ladies pick up the quaint information they possess on these and kindred matters? They make a lot of it themselves, and the demand has created a supply, as it were, in the window in a few singular literary quarters. There exist at present in London a few essayists of the Janus Weathercock pattern. They write verses about champagne, and roses, and the Guards' box, and Imperial Tokay, which we believe are greedily swallowed, not only in provincial towns where the rubbish is credited, but by the peculiar class of authoresses to which we are alluding. It is from these ingenious rhapsodists, who have a power of make-believe in them sufficient to convert a pot-house into a club drawing-room, that the ladies take their notions of the manners of the men of fashion. This theory will account for much of the insane upholstery which the women writers put in their books, and the ravishing viands which they tell us are supplied in bachelors' chambers. Both the furniture and the meats might be traced to the excited imagination of a rhymester with an honest stomach for a steak and a pint of stout, who has a talent for putting a wine list, a good selection of dishes, and a little lasciviousness, into a jingling song. Not long since a paper died which was entirely made up of trash of this sort, in addition to a picture supposed to give us all correct views of Belgravian maids and mothers, and of the darlings of Knightsbridge barracks. It amused and bewildered the few people who happened to see it; but it was nevertheless a significant fact that a journal of the sort, based upon the utterly false pretenses of fast and feminine novels, should have had a career, however short, and have left, we believe, a successor.

In alluding to modern female novelists we should carefully distinguish between the ladies whose works are a pleasure to read, although they be not of the first order, and those that outrage morals, manners, and probability, with what very much resembles a deliberate purpose. To say nothing of such lasting and perfect stories as that of "Adam Bede" or of "Romola," there are a number of authoresses who have given proofs of a fair and honourable capacity for amusing our leisure, and whose bright and wholesome presence would be a real loss at many a fireside. Our fear is that those ladies may be literally crushed out by their bold-faced rivals. The latter certainly muster in stronger force, are becoming more aggressive and more brazen every month, until it is hard to conjecture at what point they will be content to stop. In truth, they have received lenient treatment from the press; they have been even praised for their audacity, just as the grace and agility of those women have been praised who expose themselves in "tights" at the theatres and music-halls. These baleful writers should be tolerated no longer; they should not be allowed (putting the question of decency and morality aside) to vitiate the public taste for novels that are neither riotous, wanton, nor absurd. We should begin to discriminate, and discriminate sharply. Indecorous and proclaimed sensuality in a female writer should be visited with a punishment as appropriate to the offence as it is in the power of critics to inflict. If they perform this function with care and vigour they must eventually damage the established business of our modern Behns. There are novels now in circulation that will certainly bewilder the future student of the Victorian era as to the manners of our time; and if posterity has a bad opinion of us, it will not be due to the labours of our professed satirists, but to the works of the young and middle-aged ladies whose brains are at this moment marshalling more guardsmen and demireps for our delectation. Thackeray used to say an English author dare not describe a man in the fashion that Fielding described *Tom Jones*, or Smollett's *Count Fathom*. Patience. A little while, and our female novelists will be seen adventuring on the task. Indeed, as it is, we might indicate two or three of their performances which, if not as true to nature as those of Fielding, are quite as candid and as unblushing, and far more likely to injure an inexperienced mind by their artful prudence.